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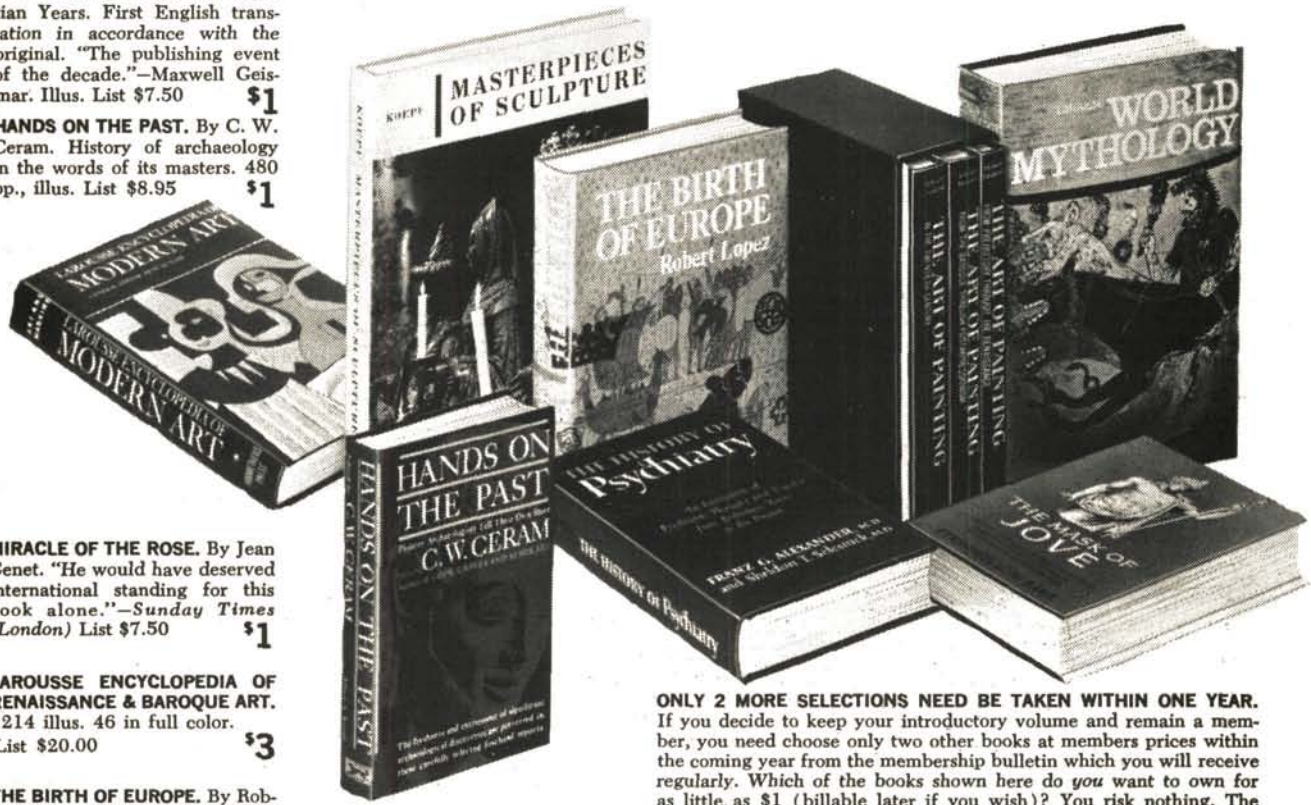

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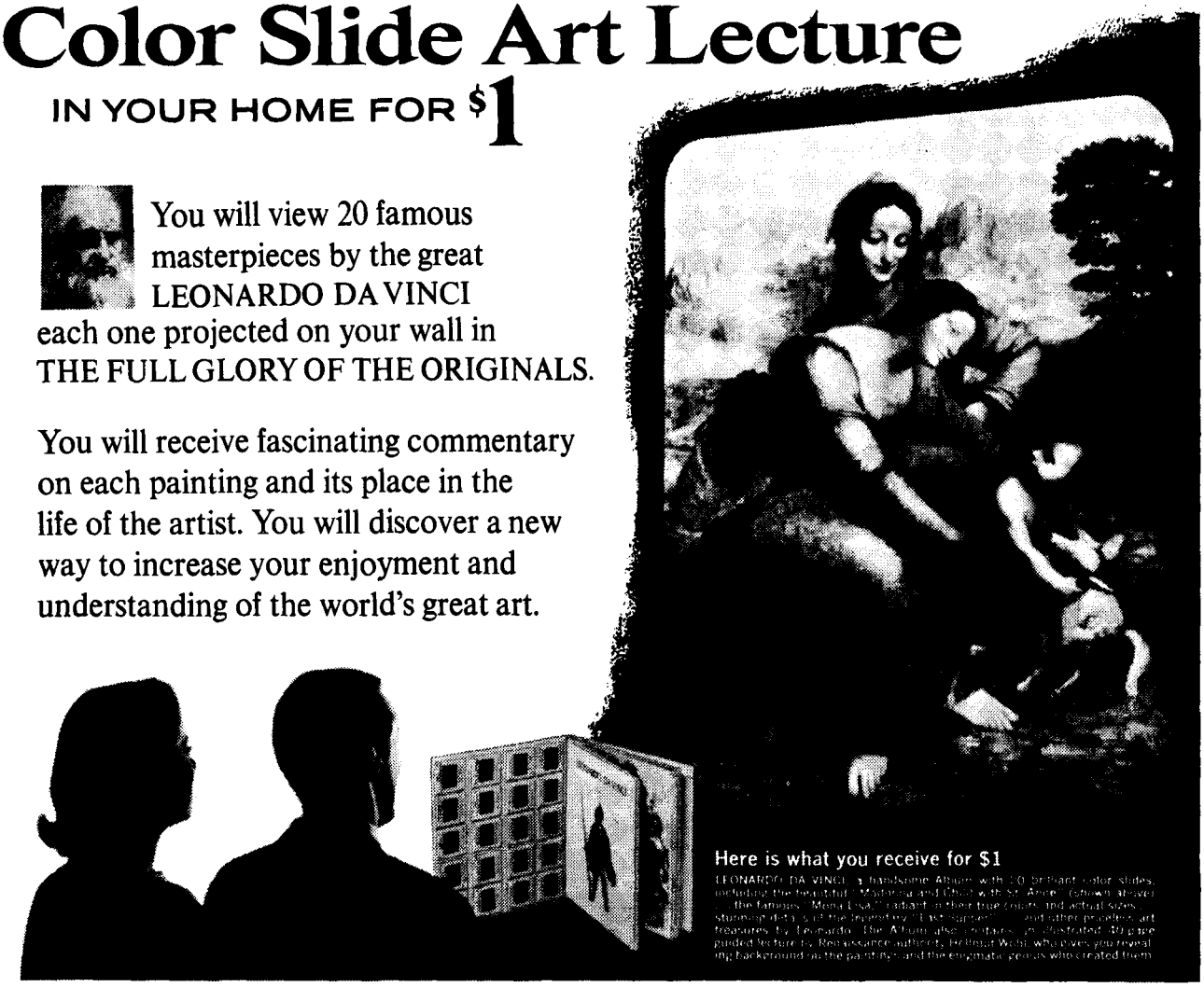

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$40 Billion and You

★ Buds are thickening on elms along Pennsylvania Avenue and snowdrops are carrying on their secret love life under the mantle of the last snow. We take a deal of comfort out of nature when we approach the distasteful subject of nuclear weapons. But you ought to know how the debate stands over the anti-ballistic missile (ABM) defense system in Washington. The immediate stake is around $40 billion. The ultimate stake, of course, is your life.

We have got used to living under the nuclear balance of terror. We rarely think about it because it's so disagreeable, but it's there just the same, it hasn't gone away. America and Russia can annihilate each other; could do it tomorrow if they wished. It's the supreme accomplishment of our wonderful Scientific Age. From time to time new nations join the Club. Mankind has never yet invented a weapon it hasn't used. Despair? – of course we don't, but it's nice to have those elm buds and snowdrops to think about after a session with the weapon boys.

The new variant on the situation is the ABM. The US has good intelligence behind the Iron Curtain. Some years back we learned that a new defense system is being deployed. In a posture statement Secretary McNamara recently said that "it now appears" the Soviets are placing Galosh antimissiles around Moscow; also that another type of defense system is being deployed elsewhere. "But the weight of the evidence at this time," he said, "suggests that this system is not intended primarily for the ABM defense."

The US has been spending half a billion dollars a year for several years to experiment with an ABM system (Nike-X) but has not deployed it. Here are McNamara's reasons: The weight of objective scientific advice is that defense can't cope with offense in nuclear weapons. It isn't a matter of intercontinental missiles. We could wipe out Moscow tomorrow without firing a missile; one or two of our intercontinental bombers would always get through.

Again, we have an extraordinary capacity for overkill. We have three or four times the ICBMs, submarine missiles and intercontinental bombers that Moscow has. This is probably far more than we need, it is terribly expensive, but of course it comforts the public. (And frightens the hell out of the Russians, too.) In brief, if Moscow attacked us we could destroy 90 percent of their industrial complex and 40-50 percent of their population in the return salvo.

The Diabolical Part

★ But here comes the rub. How can we know for sure that some fantastic new scientific breakthrough hasn't neutralized our weaponry – laser-beam defense, for example? We can't. That's why we spend half a billion a year to experiment. And here comes another problem. If the Russians are deploying a defense system, shouldn't we do it, too? Candidly, US technicians think our technology is way ahead of theirs. But the diabolical part of an armaments race is that neither side can ever be sure.

Secretary McNamara stoutly opposes deployment. Forty billion would be just the first cost. So far he has been backed by the President. But a controversy like this is a three-front war: the military, the Russians, and the public. The Joint Chiefs of Staff unanimously favor deployment. Their job is to *spend* money; their profession is to defend the nation, and there is also a lot of "get-McNamara" sentiment in the Pentagon.

As for the Russians, they have always been defense-minded; they shudder at US nuclear armament. Still, if they can get the US to spend $40 billion to little avail it will be no mean achievement.

Last week in Moscow, Deputy Defense Minister Batitsky and others boasted that they had achieved an infallible ABM defense. The Pentagon quailed and the US public quivered. "Nonsense!" said scientific observers here and Batitsky's boss Grechko withdrew the claim. But it had its effect all the same.

The third front is the public. Mr. Johnson sent Llewellyn Thompson to Moscow to try to talk Kosygin out of an ABM arms race. How it will come out, nobody knows. But Mr. Johnson's budget message already weakened his position by saying that if discussions with Russia "prove unsuccessful, we will reconsider our deployment system." That is a half-promise.

Is There a Gap?

★ McNamara simply believes that no defense system, no shelter system, no present scientific knowledge can protect us against a coordinated attack by ICBMs. A few years ago there was terrible pressure on Kennedy to start the Nike-Zeus system which he resisted. Now all sides agree he was right and that it is obsolete. But new efforts are beginning in Congress.

The Republican National Committee has just issued a "background report" which it calls objective, and not intended to influence policy. It is entitled in big letters "Is LBJ Right?" It carries frightening statements that the Russians "are years ahead of the US" in establishing a defense system.

Has Mr. Johnson permitted an antimissile gap? You will be hearing more of it. There will be talk at first of a compromise, of starting a "thin" defense costing, say, $4-$5 billion. (The Republican background report says shelters have improved to a point "where only a modest $2.5 billion" program would suffice. That's political mini-skirt modesty, we suppose.)

★ *Notes:* Ailing Senator Dirksen yielded to pressure of GOP moderates for the consular treaty between the US and USSR; some see him replaced as leader before long by Senator Morton, Ky. . . . Doubts about George Romney grew on last week's Western trip; press questions on Vietnam seemed to rattle him and he lost his cool.

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Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
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New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White Jr., Good-Laidley-White 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017

Playing It Straight

"Unless we tell the truth and state the facts as we see them," Hubert Humphrey wrote in this journal in 1952, "we betray our liberal traditions and associate ourselves with the false bill of goods that some people have tried to sell the American people." That is a useful reminder as we ponder the fast-breaking story of CIA and its many once-secret efforts to fight communism abroad by conscripting, through subsidies, American "private" organizations.

Detail piles on top of detail. William C. Carr, executive secretary of the prestigious and well-heeled National Education Association, discloses that in 1958 he helped set up the Vernon Fund, through which CIA financed the World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession, of which Mr. Carr is secretary general. The American Newspaper Guild admits it took large amounts from organizations identified as CIA fronts for its overseas program. "I used to think the CIA was some horrible fascist conspiracy," a former "witting" (complicit) student leader said last week. "Then I discovered it was a little treasure-trove of liberalism, the one refuge for liberals during the McCarthy period." Mr. Dooley long ago put it differently: "A lie with a purpose is one of the worst kind and the most profitable."

Why did so many turn so willingly to CIA for help? Because, in the first place, it had the money. Also, it was audacious; it was concerned about foreign governments-to-be; it appreciated that anti-communism is not salable in most countries unless it is wrapped in a progressive package. CIA needed the American left, and the American left was flattered to be needed. Each served its own needs in serving the other's. Labor officials, intellectuals, churchmen and the like found the money and support for their pet projects at the CIA when they had been denied by more cautious private foundations. A case in point is the Independent Research Service, a student organization founded in the months before the Vienna Youth Festival of 1959. American students wanted to attend the festival, but not on the "official" delegation, considered to be pro-communist. Attempts were made to get private support for an anti-communist delegation, but foundations shied from any contact with the festival. Enter the CIA, which underwrote the Independent Research trip and began a long relationship with the organization and its directors.

That experience was repeated hundreds of times during the height of the cold war in the late forties and fifties. Smallish grants were made to three student projects of the National Council of Churches.

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The CIA passed money to the National Newman Club and the Pax Romana Secretariat. Former Rep. Jed Johnson of Oklahoma, once president of the United States Youth Council, which received funds from a CIA front, explained: "It's better that we had the money to do what I think was worthwhile and meaningful work internationally – even if it was clandestine or covert – than abandoning our programs." He said he did not know the CIA was bankrolling his operation (via the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs, the principal conduit for Agency funds to student groups), but if he had, "it wouldn't have made any difference."

Not in the Charity Racket

The beneficiaries of CIA believed they were acting "independently," and often did. If students could befriend Algerian revolutionaries, or labor officials could help anti-totalitarian unions in Latin America, what difference did it make who was paying the bill – so long as the paymaster was concealed? Nevertheless, CIA was not in the charity racket; it could not be true to *its* mission were it not to attempt to manipulate from behind and control from beneath. It used its handpicked officers in US organizations (all checked for security, clean sex habits, and strong personalities) to influence policy. It planned training conferences to inculcate the "unwitting." The "liberals" had their operations. But simultaneously, and always in the belief that any tactic is legitimate in the propaganda battle against communism, the Agency supported right-wing organizations too. Its Covert Actions Divisions worked with exile groups from Eastern European "captive nations."

Hiding beneath seemingly independent fronts, the CIA got a great deal for its money. When it wanted to bring European socialists into its "safe" world student groups, it used a small American socialist but anti-communist organization – the Student League for Industrial Democracy – as bait. The CIA-funded Young Adult Council invited the socialists to join the Council. SLID did, thinking it had made a real political breakthrough. Thereafter, the CIA could point to the fact that "free" American socialists were part of the show, so why didn't their European counterparts join Agency-financed world student organizations?

Ramparts and the newspapers have documented the CIA's connections with student groups. But the process by which the students were brought along deserves amplification. After leaving college, a promising student leader might be invited to attend the NSA's summer International Student Relations Seminar (ISRS) where he could meet former NSA officials and discuss international student politics. Among the NSA people were CIA agents. Participants in the seminar boned up on a book that recited NSA's history, and in particular its relations with the communist International Union of Students. The book was published by the University of Pennsylvania's Foreign Policy Research Institute, a recipient of CIA funds. After the seminar, the student leaders were sent along to an NSA congress. There NSA's "old boys" kept an eye out for men they wanted to run the Association. Not surprisingly, some were students who had already been exposed to previous seminars. If they did not become officers, students who attended the seminars could go to work for NSA either at its Philadelphia (later, Washington) headquarters or abroad as overseas representatives. The CIA would attempt to recruit the most promising types, who, preserving their cover as student leaders, could then work their way into one or another of the Agency-supported foundations or youth groups.

The CIA's old boys' network was impressive. After graduating from the University of Michigan in 1954, Harry Lunn became president of NSA, then turned up in the Air Force in both Washington and Paris. He now is executive director of the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs in New York. Over the years, FYSA has supplied up to 80 percent of NSA's international budget. Lunn would always appear at the summer seminars to brief student leaders. He was not averse to influencing NSA elections. In addition to running FYSA, Lunn acted as a broker for the other CIA fronts.

When NSA moved from Philadelphia to Washington in 1965, the Association had some difficulty finding a building. The officers were put onto another old boy: Leonard Bebchick, an international affairs vice president of NSA in 1953 and now a Washington lawyer who practices before the Civil Aeronautics Board. Bebchick arranged for the Association to take over a larger building in Washington on a free 15-year lease. The Independence Foundation, a channel for CIA funds, pays the mortgage.

Two years ago, students attending the NSA's International Student Relations Seminar remember going to a cocktail party in Washington at the new P Street offices of Intercontinental Research Co. Inc. IRC Inc. (never incorporated in the District of Columbia) was said to have been set up for former NSA officials who had won an unusual open-ended contract to "advise and consult" with the Agency for International Development on educational matters. One of the founders of IRC Inc. is Robert Kiley, a 1958 graduate of Notre Dame and 1958-59 president of NSA. From 1962 to 1964 he was the vice president of the World Assembly of Youth, another recipient of FYSA grants. Kiley lived in a rather grand house in Georgetown with Anthony Smith, a Williams graduate who represented the NSA in Paris in the early 1960s. Smith also worked at IRC

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Inc. Both are CIA men. Kiley is said to be head of the CIA covert division which handles student affairs; he has represented the Agency on the US government's interagency youth board.

The brothers Aragon, Manuel and Bob, helped set up IRC Inc. Manuel was NSA Latin American representative between 1958 and 1961 and served as the Association's delegate to various international student meetings in Peru, Switzerland and Canada. In addition to his activities at IRC Inc. Manuel was vice president of International Development Foundation, a CIA-funded operation which, among other things, tries to organize peasants in Latin America. Late in 1965 Manuel supposedly left his post at IDF to work in the Regional Development Administration of the Commerce Department. But the Commerce Department files show no record of his employment. Bob Aragon went to Latin America several times for the Association. He now is the Latin American representative for FYSA and has an office in Santiago, Chile, where he deals with ORMEU, a Christian Democratic student-training project which has been identified as the recipient of CIA funds through FYSA.

Just how rigged the whole NSA structure was has become apparent. Top officers were chosen by the old boys' net; if necessary, candidates were given specious credentials proving that they were enrolled in an American university, and hence eligible. Eugene Groves, the current NSA president, was a Rhodes scholar in England when he was asked to run for president; NSA friends fixed him up with a graduate school acceptance at Roosevelt University in Chicago. One NSA representative started flirting with the 14th of June Movement students (vaguely pro-Castro) in the Dominican Republic. He had been trained to go no further than the Christian Democrats. When the CIA discovered his indiscretion, they hauled him back to the US and chewed him out. Now there's little of the NSA but a shell. If there is to be a vital union of students in this country, then students must move in and take over and see that their organization is run democratically.

In 1955, a Hoover Commission task force headed by General Mark Clark noted that CIA's immunity to outside scrutiny created "the danger that such freedom from restraints could inspire laxity and abuses which might prove costly to the American people." And so they have. Despite orders from two Presidents and the diligence of two Peace Corps directors, agents and CIA fronts have tried from time to time to contact Peace Corps volunteers. One such volunteer in the Dominican Republic reported that a representative of the International Development Foundation (the CIA subsidiary) asked him to recruit candidates for a "leadership training school." In Venezuela not long ago, two IDF representatives rolled into the city of Cumana and called a meeting to which Peace Corpsmen were invited, and which they attended. They were told the IDF was planning to set up projects in the city to give young people an "alternative to politics" on which to fix their enthusiasm. One of the IDF men, Richard Gilbert, stayed for several months to work on the project. He left last winter. Later in the spring he returned – working for the Ford Foundation out of Caracas – and told a volunteer he had quit the IDF because he had discovered it was run by the CIA. Last week, after the IDF's connection with the Agency was disclosed, its president, George Truitt, said no officers had any knowledge of the link.

There is no documented evidence of any CIA infiltration of the Peace Corps, but the curious case of John Simons is the sort of thing that keeps skepticism alive. Simons attended a conference in Prague in 1947 which set up the International Union of Students. After that, he helped form NSA. For 10 years, from 1951 to 1961, he worked for the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs, the CIA front for its student operations. He negotiated grants between FYSA and the student association. He was on the NSA international advisory board. Then, in 1961, he went to work for the Peace Corps, in the division of university relations. In 1965, he left to become executive director of the World Uni-

"Oh, is he CIA? I thought he was FBI."

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versity Service, which received funds from CIA conduits. Simons maintains that he never knew FYSA was a CIA front, that the World University Service does not receive covert funds (its annual outlay is estimated at about $2 million), and that he is not an agent.

There is a comic side to all this, illustrated by the experience of a recent Fulbright scholar, who now teaches at a small Eastern college: "A week after I got my Fulbright grant I got a call from a man named Mr. Barnard. "Well, Mr. T . . .," he said, "you're a Yale man. I'm a Yale man too. We both are Navy men as well. I'd like to talk to you sometime." The student said he worked most of the time in the library stacks. "I'll meet you there," Barnard said. The student said that was absurd. Barnard suggested a room in a building on the New Haven Green. Mr. T agreed. At the meeting, Barnard identified himself as a CIA man and introduced an operative from Washington, a recent Harvard Business School graduate. "During your year in Europe you might like to help us," Barnard suggested. T said he'd rather like $5,000. Barnard said he'd have to get further instructions from Washington. T left and never heard from Barnard again.

Some months later, T and his wife went to Copenhagen for their year abroad. Unable to find an apartment, T went to the US Embassy, to speak with the naval attaché, who he thought might be of help. There, T ran into a CIA agent, who knew about his presence in Denmark, and had in fact called T's *pension* earlier in the day. The CIA man offered assistance to T, and later suggested that the Agency would pay rent and telephone bills on T's apartment if it could be used as a CIA "safe house," a rendezvous or an information drop. The T's found a rather comfortable flat (two exits, thick walls, etc.) and met the agent as he had directed, at noon in the middle of Tivoli Gardens. But, according to the amused T, negotiations broke down. The CIA would agree to pay only half of the $150 monthly rent.

Culture and Labor

Disclosures in the past two weeks have linked the Agency with arts and culture, as well as education. The Congress for Cultural Freedom, set up in the early fifties to help make anti-communism respectable among the intellectuals around the world, was funded for years by the J. M. Kaplan Foundation, a CIA pass-through. Associated with the Congress were such publications as *China Quarterly, Encounter, Soviet Survey, Der Monat* and *Preuves*. The Congress ran a news service in London on communist affairs. Through the Farfield Foundation, the Agency sought out and gave small travel grants to the editor of *Commentary*, Norman Podhoretz, and his wife to attend a CIA-funded conference in Mexico. It provided travel and *per diem* to Jason and Barbara Epstein (he of Random House, she of the *New York Review of Books*) for the same trip. It didn't amount to much – showing off our intellectuals to their intellectuals. They may have suspected but were not told who Santa Claus was. The Agency gave money for books on cold war subjects to the Frederick A. Praeger Co. The MIT Press used CIA money to publish studies on international affairs. MIT's Center for International Studies was founded with funds wholly supplied by CIA. The Agency funded such cross-cultural activities as the American Society for African Culture, which distributed a publication in Africa. Up to several years ago (but no longer) it gave money to the African American Institute, which publishes *Africa Report*.

CIA's biggest sums, however, have been bestowed over the years on the American labor movement – and the oddest part of the story is that the amounts supplied rose during precisely the period when bitter hostility between the US and the USSR was receding. There have been long documentations of the activities of Jay Lovestone, ex-communist and director of the AFL-CIO's international office, who monitors the State Department's choices for labor attachés on embassy staffs and works in mysterious ways to run practically his own cold war. Irving Brown, the AFL-CIO's representative to the anti-communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, is reportedly involved in CIA activities. The American Institute for Free Labor Development, founded in 1962 by Joseph Beirne of the Communication Workers, to train Latin Americans in the US, as well as to do "community development" south of the border, is reported to receive funds from the Michigan Fund, a CIA conduit. There is a similar operation now in Africa called the African American Labor Center; Irving Brown is its executive secretary.

Most American unions are affiliated with international secretariats, and from time to time they may become connected, knowingly or not, with CIA. According to *The New York Times*, the international affairs department of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees was actually run by two CIA agents who in 1962 organized strikes against the regime of Cheddi Jagan in British Guiana. Arnold Zander, former president of the AFSCME has admitted CIA subsidized its international work for six years. Mr. Zander is now president of United World Federalists, a post once held by Cord Meyer, who directs many of CIA's international programs. The CIA passed money to the International Retail Clerks union through the Granary Fund, one of its pass-throughs. A secret 1963 British report named Gerald D.

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O'Keefe, director of international affairs for the Retail Clerks union, as the man who negotiated financing for a terrorist gang which contributed to the overthrow of the government of Prime Minister Cheddi Jagan in British Guiana. O'Keefe has denied it. The British report said that the terrorists, organized in an outfit called the "Security Force," blew up government buildings and the rice marketing board, bombed merchant ships in Georgetown harbor, and beat up the local citizenry. Explosives, guns and ammunition were distributed freely to a 600-man private army ready to seize control of Georgetown if a general strike failed. The report went on to say that O'Keefe, a Washington lawyer, was in British Guiana supposedly to draft a new labor law, but on three visits arranged financing for the "Security Force."

The current orgy of disclosures has likewise turned up massive involvement of the CIA in international operations of the American Newspaper Guild. Agency funds, totaling a million dollars, were deposited in an International Affairs Fund of the Guild, and channeled to the International Federation of Journalists in Brussels, and the Inter-American Federation of Working Newspapermen's Organizations in Panama City. The Brussels group was set up in 1952 as the cold war counterpart to a pro-communist organization, on the analogy of the Confederation of Free Trade Unions and the International Student Conference.

What Will Be Done?

What will happen to all the CIA-funded groups now that their cover has been blown? As in Vietnam, getting out may be harder than getting in, assuming the decision is really made by the Administration to cut loose. To have CIA Director Helms, Undersecretary of State Katzenbach, and Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Gardner conduct the principal Administration investigation, is to assure less than a disinterested inquiry. One indication of the panel's predisposition is the appointment of Katzenbach's aide, Frank Sieverts, to direct the investigators' staff. Sieverts is a former NSA regional officer who keeps tabs on the organization for State. Last year, he spent three days at the annual convention in the dual role of the students' pal and the government's link, lobbying for the Administration's position in Vietnam. Another indication was Mr. Katzenbach's preliminary report to the President last week. CIA, it said, had been acting only "with the approval of senior interdepartmental review committees, including the Secretaries of State and Defense or their representatives. These policies have, therefore, been in effect under four Presidents." That statement was not intended to transfer blame from the CIA to higher-ups; it was meant to suggest that no blame attaches to anyone: "CIA enabled many farsighted and courageous Americans to serve their country in times of challenge and danger to the United States and the Free World."

The larger question remains of how far government is justified in using private organizations without admitting it. Having in mind the recruitment of students and professors by CIA, Henry Steele Commager, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week that, "The reason we are trying to win the contest with communism is precisely because we want the triumph of the open mind, the triumph of freedom, the triumph of the unimpeded investigation, of every scientific question and every moral and philosophical question, and if we corrupt that process at the very start, we may win the contest with communism and lose the purpose for which we are contesting." That is not a sentimental outburst but a hardnosed comment on the rock-bottom character of a free society.

The most thoughtful scholarly student of CIA, Professor Harry Howe Ransom, wrote in *The New Republic* of December 11, 1965, that "serious questions are raised by the CIA's invasion of the domestic private sector, its use of foundations, universities, publishers and others for the Agency's purposes." All these, he said, "must remain free of suspicion that they are available for use as 'cover' by secret agencies." Now they are all suspect, for the reason that the officials responsible have thought that anything is justified (except being caught) if it might hurt the communists. Especially since the Bay of Pigs, the White House has been urged again and again to confine CIA to the traditional and authorized function of gathering and analyzing information. That was not done, though there is reason to believe that Director Richard Helms, whose background is not "operational" but analytical, would prefer not to be burdened by the extensive undercover political warfare that he has inherited from his predecessors, imposed upon him.

There is nothing evil in working for the Central Intelligence Agency. Many who have taken Agency money to do what they believed needed doing are not villains. The results have not been all bad and were often good – and would have been just as good, or better, if the financing had been open and aboveboard. The private sector is not poor – in money or ideas. We should not imitate the communists; when we do, as recent days have shown, we do it badly and we disgust ourselves as well as friends abroad. If subsidizing American students, scholars, labor organizations and Lord knows who else is our only answer to communist intrigue, we are in very bad shape. The US government has had more fear of and more faith in communist seductiveness than common sense justifies.

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De Gaulle Again, or A New Popular Front?

Legislative elections in France, to be held on the first two Sundays of this month, may determine the fate of the country for a generation. If a majority of Gaullist deputies is returned, as was the case five years ago, will the institutions established in 1958 have taken root sufficiently so that a presidential regime might be accepted as the norm? Would ministerial instability and harassment of the cabinet by deputies have become a bygone evil? If, on the other hand, the people have grown weary of de Gaulle's peremptory admonitions and feel secure in their present prosperity, will they let the pendulum swing to the left and return a "popular front" majority?

The political parties, which had grown restive under the General's monarchical rule for years, appeared incapable of uniting on a common program. Then after much laborious negotiation, just before last Christmas, a form of popular front was recreated for the elections this March. Guy Mollet and François Mitterand prevailed over other leaders (Gaston Defferre, Maurice Faure) who had been reluctant to enter into a marriage of convenience with the communists. Mendès-France, now labeling himself a socialist dissident, accepted it, but with scant enthusiasm, and as it turned out, scant profit to himself; only two weeks ago the communists decided to run their own candidate against him in his district. Soon after the agreement was announced, several socialist and radical federations in the industrial north and in agrarian Auvergne declared that they would not go to the polls as allies of the communists.

The future cohesiveness of any popular front will depend, as it has in the past, upon the electoral alliances made in each constituency, and we shall see a number of expedient compromises during the six days between March 5 and 12. Only candidates with a majority of votes on the first Sunday are elected outright.

The leftist coalition has a strong chance to win in the underprivileged and less-industrialized half of France: the southeast, the southwest and the center provinces, on account of traditions and of the reluctance of small tradesmen and of peasants to modernize themselves. It can hardly be expected to succeed elsewhere. A large segment of the people (seldom less than one-fourth) habitually vote for the communists, even though many who do are not eager to see a Marxist victory. This in turn automatically forces moderates or liberals to seek refuge under the huge nose and paternalistic admonitions of a strong leader. No less inevitably, it prevents any popular front from remaining united after the elections. Neither the socialists nor the radicals or the mildly leftist Catholics of the MRP want to be led by the communists, who are themselves now torn by an acrimonious fight between their majority, which sides with the more mature and semi-capitalistic Russian communism, and an ardent minority drawn to the new Jacobins, the Chinese.

The socialists in France, and in most of western Europe, have ceased being the party of class war. Workmen are prosperous; more and more of them are skilled, employed in the advanced industries (electronics, chemicals, processing industries) and closer to engineers than to the workmen of 1900. They have gone in for consumer goods, installment buying, comfortable and even exotic vacations. Moreover, for reasons of strategy or conviction, de Gaulle has himself worked for more socialism. His prime minister declared outright in July 1964 to a gathering of French industrialists that France had a semi-socialist economy, and it was there to stay. The Vallon proposal to compel industrial enterprises to share profits with their workmen, in the form of stocks of their company given or sold to their employees on advantageous terms, has not yet been passed. But it is close to de Gaulle's wishes and will probably become a law if the Gaullists win.

Indeed, the gap between the leftist groups and the more moderate ones (almost no one will consent to being labeled "right" in Europe nowadays) has become so narrow as to have no significance whatever. If the popular front were to win, there would very probably be no difference, except in style and expression, between its handling of foreign affairs and de Gaulle's. The few pro-European declarations of the leftist leaders have been very guarded. Their attitude to the Vietnam war, hence to the United States, and to the consequences to western Europe of heavy US investments, could not possibly differ substantially from that of de Gaulle. Mendès-France's recent essay in the *Revue de Paris* in September 1966 on a "Better International Financial Regime" could have been signed by Debré, Pompidou or Giscard d'Estaing.

The clearest result of eight years of Gaullist rule, probably to be followed by five more, has been to shift the emphasis, in the people's minds and moods, from the political to the economic. Votes of the deputies count for little when modern governments are no longer judged by their ability to dance on a tightrope and to compromise among the parties. The real tests today are the maintenance of full employment, an orderly balance of payments, relative stability of prices, the preservation of peace and the development of education and of research. The record of the present government in those respects is enviable and is envied. Except for the building and textile industries, France achieved in 1966 a higher rate of growth and of export of finished industrial products (chiefly auto-

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mobiles) than any other European country except Italy.

Voters seldom cast their ballot out of gratitude. Indeed, they are irked by a leader who keeps telling them all he has done for them and how contented and "depoliticized" they should be. It is true, nonetheless, that de Gaulle's cabinet, which counts five or six professors and not a single military man (their chief likes to say that, since 1870, the army has always been foolishly wrong in France), is the best the country has had for decades. De Gaulle fervently hopes that his party, along with the two splinter groups allied to it will win a majority in the new Chamber. For he reckons that his own vigor will persist, and that by 1972 the last champions of a leftist opposition will be old men: Pinay, 80; Guy Mollet, 62; and the communist leader, Waldeck Rochet, 66. The electorate would by then, so he trusts, have become altogether accustomed to the Gaullist constitution and the presidential regime.

France will probably tire of a strong leader, as she grew weary of the two Bonapartes, of Poincaré, Clemenceau. She will again become restive, cantankerous, light-minded, sick of austerity and of stability and Frenchmen will again vent their anger against their compatriots, and not just against "the Anglo-Saxons." But the change in the mentality, in the way of life and in the ideals of the people will, I submit, prove the most thorough which the country has undergone for a century. In Britain the Labour government has endorsed much of its conservative rival's programs, and in the US President Johnson has, with some differences in style, done some of the things advocated by his Republican opponent. Should a new popular front win in France, it would turn out to be surprisingly close to its predecessor.

Henri Peyre

Mr. Peyre *is Sterling Professor of French at Yale.*

Laying Down the Law To Number-One Lawman

On Monday, February 13, the Justice Department made its latest disclosure of unlawful electronic "bugging"; the FBI had eavesdropped on Charles J. O'Brien, a Teamster business official who is appealing his 1965 federal conviction for unlawfully removing material from a warehouse.

The typical episode of electronic eavesdropping by the police has the policemen in a room, the suspects in an adjoining room, and a microphone inserted through or attached to the common wall. This was precisely the factual situation in *Silverman* v *United States*, a case decided unanimously by the United States Supreme Court on March 6, 1961. The defendants had been convicted of gambling offenses in the District of Columbia, in part upon evidence obtained by electronic eavesdropping. Justice Stewart, who wrote the Court's opinion, described the activities of the police: "In the spring of 1958 the District of Columbia police had reason to suspect that the premises at 408 21st Street, N.W., in Washington, were being used as the headquarters of a gambling operation. They gained permission from the owner of the vacant adjoining row house to use it as an observation post. From this vantage point for a period of at least three consecutive days in April 1958, the officers employed a so-called 'spike mike' to listen to what was going on within the four walls of the house next door."

The policemen's microphone made contact with the heating duct in the suspects' house, turning it into a giant microphone. Such an "unauthorized physical penetration" into the suspects' premises taints the electronic eavesdrop, said the Supreme Court, and renders its use a violation of the suspects' right under the Fourth Amendment "to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures."

Since the *Silverman* decision six years ago, it has been settled that an electronic eavesdrop violates the Fourth Amendment if, in order to install or operate their equipment, the police *trespass* on the suspect's premises. It doesn't follow from this that they may carry out trespassory eavesdrops so long as they do not use in court the information thereby uncovered. The police do not buy the right to disobey the law by abjuring the evidence. A constitutional violation is a constitutional violation, no matter that its poisoned fruits remain uneaten. Knowing this, one might have assumed that the FBI, at least since the *Silverman* decision, had scrupulously refrained from conducting trespassory eavesdrops. Then came *Black* v *United States*.

Fred B. Black was convicted of federal income tax evasion in 1964. His conviction was affirmed by the court of appeals, and the Supreme Court denied *certiorari*. At that point, the solicitor general came forward to

COMING: *Edgar Snow gives his interpretation of the upheaval in Mao's China*

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inform the Court that electronic eavesdropping had figured in the case. The Court asked the solicitor general to elaborate, and in July 1966 he filed a memorandum stating that the FBI, in February 1963, had installed a microphone through the common wall of the agents' hotel room and into the room occupied by Black (*i.e.*, a trespass, as in *Silverman*). This electronic eavesdrop was maintained until April 1963. The memorandum further states that, before 1963, "the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation was given authority to approve the installation of devices such as that in question for intelligence (and not evidentiary) purposes when required in the interest of internal security or national safety."

But the Fourth Amendment contains no exception for "internal security" or for "national safety" or for Mr. Hoover to decide those cases to which the Constitution should not apply. It is no answer that the eavesdrops are used "for intelligence (and not evidentiary) purposes." The trespassory electronic eavesdrop of Black's hotel room, standing alone, was a violation of one of Black's constitutional rights.

The Court digested these revelations for some weeks, and finally, on November 7, 1966, vacated its order denying *certiorari*, reversed Black's conviction, and remanded the case for a new trial.

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The solicitor general found it necessary to submit still another memorandum. In *Schipani* v *United States*, the defendant had been convicted of tax evasion. The court of appeals affirmed the decision. At the trial there had been no hint of electronic eavesdropping. Again, as in *Black*, after *certiorari* was denied, the solicitor general filed a memorandum telling the Court that Schipani had been "a participant in various conversations electronically monitored . . . by means of a trespass, at a place of business where petitioner and others frequently met."

In the *Black* memorandum, the solicitor general has said: "Present departmental practice, adopted in July 1965 in conformity with the policies declared by the President on June 30, 1965, for the entire federal establishment, prohibits the use of such [electronic] listening devices (as well as the interception of telephone and other wire communications) in all instances other than those involving the collection of intelligence affecting the national security. The specific authority of the attorney general must be obtained in each instance when this exception is invoked."

In his *Schipani* memorandum, the solicitor general referred to the President's policy as prohibiting "such electronic surveillance in all instances except those involving the collection of intelligence with respect to matters affecting national security."

Bizarre as it seems, nobody can find the precise terms of this presidential policy directive of June 30, 1965. It has not been published in the Federal Register. The solicitor general has contented himself with describing it rather than quoting it. If the President's directive orders federal agents to refrain from trespassory eavesdrops, it merely repeats what the Supreme Court had decided in *Silverman*. That it was necessary to order federal agents to obey the Supreme Court would, in less polite climes, be an insult to the citizenry.

If the President's directive orders federal agents to refrain from non-trespassory (as well as trespassory) eavesdrops, it extends *Silverman*. *The New York Times* thinks the directive does just that. On July 13, 1966, it reported: "In a confidential memorandum to all departments and agencies last June, the President banned all eavesdropping not 'fully in accord with the law and with a decent regard for the rights of others'. Justice Department sources say this has been construed to rule out all bugging."

Still, we do not know for sure.

The President has moved to secure legislation on electronic eavesdropping. In his 1967 State of the Union Address, he said: "We should protect what Justice Brandeis called the 'right most valued by civilized men' – the right to privacy. . . . We should exercise the full reach of our constitutional powers

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to outlaw electronic 'bugging' and 'snooping'."

In his special message to Congress on crime, the President recommended that Congress enact the Right of Privacy Act of 1967, which, among other things, would outlaw "all willful invasions of privacy by electronic devices such as radio transmitters and concealed microphones. The only exceptions would cover those instances where the security of the nation itself is at stake – and then only under the strictest safeguards." Admirable. Meanwhile, we can only hope that Mr. Hoover has been instructed to obey the Constitution.

IRVING YOUNGER

MR. YOUNGER, *former assistant US attorney for the Southern District of New York, teaches at the New York University School of Law.*

Report from North Vietnam

by John Gerassi

The plane of the International Control Commission coming from Pnom Penh, Cambodia, stops in the Laotian capital of Vientiane for three hours, waiting for darkness so that it can fly over North Vietnam with some guarantee of safety from American fighters. Passports are confiscated and passengers are confined to a huge, whitewashed salon. There's a bar of sorts, no newspapers, magazines or books, and for more than two of the three hours, no people to look at. So the six of us who were non-ICC civilians on the plane found ourselves staring dully at the activity on the airfield. We calculated that one American military plane – a fighter, a bomber, a reconnaissance craft or a troop transport – landed or took off every three minutes. Some 60 Americans then came into the salon, to await a ride to Bangkok or Hong Kong on a Royal Thai commercial plane. "We're advisers here," one told me, "we're going off on R and R." But are you regular GIs, I prodded. "Sure," he said and showed me his ID card. "The only thing is, we're not allowed to wear our uniforms in public."

We landed in Hanoi at 7:50 p.m. No other plane was on the runway. The city is cut off except by two semi-scheduled flights: the ICC plane which comes from Cambodia and Saigon before that, once one week, twice the next; and a commercial Chinese transport which connects Hanoi with Nanking and from there Canton and Peking, not too regularly once a week. Surprisingly, Hanoi was all lit up. Isn't that dangerous, I asked my host, a vivacious, sentimental man of 56 years named Pham Van Bach, president of the Supreme Court. "Not at all," he answered in perfect French (he had been trained in Bordeaux and Paris). "Our alarm system warns us when planes are 30 kilometers away and that gives us time to switch our lights off. All it takes is one switch per block." Later, traveling through the provinces, I saw and heard the alarm system at work. At night, it operated by yellow or red lights every two kilometers. In the daytime, it was by siren, bamboo drums, tin pots.

Driving to the center of Hanoi that night, I got my first glimpse of North Vietnam's transportation system – some jeeps, Land-Rovers and trucks (made in Russia, China, France, England and Japan), all heavily camouflaged; and some huge trailers carrying Russian missiles. But mostly the roads were crammed with bicycles (most of them from China), each lugging so much material (sacks of rice, logs of bamboo, bricks, nails) that only the wheels and the drivers were visible.

To get to Hanoi proper, you must use the "Paul Doumer" bridge, built by the French at the beginning of the century. Stretching two kilometers across the Red River, the bridge (called Long Bien by the Vietnamese) has car lanes on both sides and a rail track in the middle. At dark it is so jammed that it took us longer to cross than it would have taken to drive across New York's George Washington Bridge on a July Fourth weekend. Again, most of the traffic consisted of heavily-laden bicycles. I also noticed a dozen men on foot, carrying sacks of cement; two equal-weight loads in baskets hanging from the ends of a bamboo pole slung over the shoulders. I have no idea how much two or four sacks of cement weigh in Vietnam, but the thin carriers, never more than 5' or 5'2" tall, strutted along at a reasonable clip.

I was not put up at the old Metropole hotel (called the Hotel Reunification by the Vietnamese) which is

JOHN GERASSI, *a former editor of* Time *and* Newsweek, *is assistant professor of journalism at New York University. He went to North Vietnam as a journalist with the first investigating team of the International War Crimes Tribunal. His book on that experience will be published this summer.*

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where foreigners are traditionally lodged, but at a nearby villa. Like the Metropole, it was an old colonial-style mansion with huge rooms, tile floors, solid, heavy, mahogany furniture, low hard beds surrounded by mosquito nets, and ugly yard-wide ceiling fans. The fans didn't work, but there's no need for them in winter; the temperature rarely rises above 40 degrees and often falls to 32 at night, with the humidity very high. Like all subtropical countries, North Vietnam is not prepared for the cold – there's no central heating anywhere – which means that we were always a bit uncomfortable. I never saw *Timesman* Harrison Salisbury without a sweater, and the late Rev. A. J. Muste usually wore two sweaters plus an overcoat.

We had Russian-made Volga cars with drivers and translators at our disposal. We ate very well. If we wanted to wander around alone we did. Communication was not much of a problem – almost every educated Vietnamese speaks French, which is still taught as the second language.

The War Could Not Be Escaped

In wandering around Hanoi the following day, we were struck by how different a city looks when there are few children in it. Out of a population of 800,000, no less than 200,000 kids have been evacuated. Still, the long, wide, tree-lined boulevards were bustling with bicycles and lots of charming, coquettish girls riding sidesaddle on the back of the bikes. Many rode armed with rifles. Along the lovers' lane framing one side of the small lake, where youngsters fish for sweet water shrimps, other girls strolled hand-in-hand with boy friends or husbands or comrades, chattering, giggling at two-men minstrel shows. In Reunification Park, which borders another small lake, couples stopped to admire the hundreds of different trees and flowers, brought from each province of Vietnam, or else looked across the water to the 17th-century Ngoc Son (Jade Mountain) temple rising elegantly from a small artificial island and connected to Hanoi's main street, along which old refurbished French trolleys still run.

But the war could not be escaped. At 3 p.m. that first full day in Hanoi, December 30, the alarms sounded, and as everyone does, we walked briskly to the shelters. They are everywhere – in backyards, parks, along the many lakes, in every street. The large ones are made of cement and bricks and are covered with earth on which banana trees have been planted. The small ones, of cement pipes, are dug into the ground – individual shelters two feet in diameter, five feet deep and with a cement cover. These individual shelters are spaced out about 32 feet apart along both sides of each street in Hanoi, and, as I saw later, in other North Vietnamese cities.

For our first air raid we were at the villa and so were guided to a fairly large collective shelter in back, under a group of trees. We stood by the entrance looking at the MIGs above us, all 17s, circling in carefully spaced patterns. Then the MIGs disappeared and we heard a thunderous bang which rattled my heart beat. "A missile shot," explained one of our waiters who was next to us at the shelter's entrance. I looked around hoping to see it rise, but instead noticed an antiaircraft battery on top of a nearby school. I then looked harder and realized that such batteries were on the roof of every tall building, the hotels, the ministries, even the opera house. Atop the polytechnic institute, a modernistic, poured-concrete and glass edifice built by the Russians for 1,700 students (now completely evacuated), I spotted a whole series of batteries. The city had suddenly become one massive fortification.

Later that afternoon and most of the next day, we toured Hanoi, inspecting the areas that had been bombed before our arrival. We saw the Quynh pagoda which was completely destroyed except, strangely, for its golden Buddha, which now stood alone, cocked a bit to one side and covered with cement dust. We visited Phuc Xa, a workers' district where, we were told, 300 mud huts had been obliterated in one raid. We walked through embassy row, pleasant French-style colonial villas surrounded by patios, trees and fences, where another air-to-ground missile had struck the Chinese and Rumanian missions. The State Department still denies this particular incident, but Jacques Moalic, of *Agence France Presse*, the only permanent correspondent of the "bourgeois" press, told me that he had gone to the Rumanian embassy right after the bombing and had actually seen parts of the missile with its US markings.

Taking advantage of the New Year's truce, we began our journey at six the next morning, traveling South along Route No. 1, built by the French to connect Hanoi with Saigon. By daybreak, everyone seemed hard at work. In one long stretch, youngsters were piling clods of dry earth into neat rows, creating natural dikes for when the rains came to swell the delta into a series of islands. Elsewhere men and women were weeding rice paddies. Old men trailed behind gray water buffaloes, plowing the earth below six inches of water. All the youths were armed with rifles. The countryside was flat, the sky gray. The road was always full of cyclists. Occasionally, a group of men would be fixing the railroad bed to the side of Route No. 1, using materials piled near it every couple of kilometers. Others would be filling bomb craters.

Never, in the 2,000 miles that I traveled in North Vietnam, did I escape the sight of bomb damage – a blown up bridge, repaired or replaced; or a cluster of houses, their roofs evaporated. Occasionally it was

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a hospital complex or a school – usually the only buildings not made of mud walls and straw roofs. Sometimes a whole village seemed to have shrunk into the ground.

Such was Phu Ly, our first stop that day. A provincial capital with 7,600 people about 35 miles south of Hanoi, Phu Ly was first leveled by the French. Rebuilt in 1954, it was bombed eight times in the last year, I was told. No house was intact. The Catholic church was badly damaged, the infirmary smashed, the school completely gone. The town was now deserted. Insisting that I be driven in a jeep all around it, I found, besides the road and rail track one kilometer away, only one possible military target – a small bridge spanning one of the thousands of small rivers which either feed or branch off from the Red River.

We arrived in Nam Dinh just in time for an air raid alert. No one expected it since the truce was on, but our drivers and hosts rushed us into the nearest shelter. These were the individual types and we couldn't fit into them, our heads and shoulders sticking up like mushrooms from the earth. The alert was triggered by a pilotless reconnaissance plane, and we were soon on our feet wandering about the city, North Vietnam's third, a textile center and, say US officials, a transportation headquarters. There is indeed a railroad yard in Nam Dinh (which, incidentally, seemed unscathed), but it was no bigger than the station at Mamaroneck, N.Y., with a couple of abandoned freight cars and a siding. Otherwise, the city was almost totally deserted. More than 60 percent of the population had been evacuated, and every "factory" I saw was no more than a shop employing 25 people or less.

Nam Dinh's main bridge was down; it had been hit often. A raid had taken place at 5:40 that morning, exactly 20 minutes before the truce began, and dikes along the river had been hit. By the time we got there, at around 11 a.m., hundreds of men, women and youths were busy filling the holes. Carrying earth in baskets on their heads or from bamboo poles oriental-style, they worked faster than bulldozers. Those who were not carrying earth were packing it with heavy wooden or lead weights or repairing the damaged mud huts which lined the dikes. I came across my first war casualty – a dead 18-year-old being brought out of the water behind a flock of bombed mud huts. Everyone paused to look, cry, pray; the body was put into a wooden coffin and taken inside one of the huts.

During the next few days I visited other cities, but, with the truce over and bombing resumed, only by traveling at night. It was always complicated but never impossible. Our Russian jeep crossed canals or rivers on bridges made of collapsible (during the day) cables, or on rafts. Once, when a bridge had been bombed an hour before our arrival, we were invited to have tea with the local mayor, soft-spoken but obviously a tough professional revolutionary who, like so many Vietnamese cadremen, had been educated in French jails and trained in the hills. Sitting on simple benches in his one-room hut, under a picture of Ho Chi Minh and his most quoted motto, "Nothing is more precious than our independence and freedom," we had barely time to finish our second cup when we were told that we could go ahead: a whole bridge, made of bamboo but strong enough to support heavy trucks, had been stretched across the 40-foot-wide canal – in two hours.

In the daytime we stayed put. Once I was stuck more than 12 hours – in the small hamlet of Thuy Dan in the densely populated (900 per square kilometer) agricultural province of Thai Binh. The only brick building in the area, a school, had been bombed, I was told, on October 21, 1966. I walked around the village, speaking to cadremen, farmers, the barber, schoolteachers and students. They considered themselves soldiers, not the shooting kind, but soldiers. "We produced 5.2 tons of rice per hectare last year," one cadreman told me proudly, "that's better than the national average. It is quite a victory." The local headmaster showed me his classrooms, each of which was criss-crossed by trenches leading directly to the shelters. When the students rose as I entered, some had to

Bernard B. Fall 1926-1967

Bernard Fall, killed last week by a land-mine explosion while with US Marines north of Hue, began writing on Vietnam for *The New Republic* in 1961. No one better understood that war or exposed more clearly or as early the dangers of the deepening American military involvement. Vietnam was an agony to him. He had lived with it wherever he was every day for more than a decade. He was careless of his own survival; he had had a series of painful operations over the past several years. For this, his sixth visit, he had prepared himself by learning Vietnamese; fluent French was not enough. He had taken leave of absence for a year from Howard University, where he was professor of international relations, and settled his wife and three children in Hong Kong so that they could be closer to him. He read everything on Vietnam – the dry reports, the speeches, the news accounts. His knowledge and viewpoint were available to anyone who called. He had written numerous books – *The Viet-Minh Regime, Street Without Joy, Indochina 1946-62, The Two Vietnams, Ordeal at Dien Bien Phu,* and *Hell In a Very Small Place.* He risked and lost his life because he could not long be content with secondhand reports.

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spread their legs, so as not to fall in the trenches.

North Vietnamese claim that small-arms fire accounts for 20 percent of the US planes shot down. I have no way of knowing if that's true. That afternoon, however, an F-105 was downed in Thai Binh, right in the fields of Thuy Dan, by rifle fire, for there were no antiaircraft batteries in the area. By the time I got there the plane was smoking and the pilot, surrounded by militiamen, peasants and kids, was walking slowly toward a group of military men arriving on the run. His hands were up but his back was straight. The military took him away in a jeep. I was denied permission to talk to him.

It was here in Thai Binh province, that I first experienced what a bombing can be like. Protected by a cement shelter as well as by Vietnamese who threw themselves on top of me just before one bomb hit five meters away, I came out unhurt (so did the Vietnamese), but I realized that I had never really been afraid before.

In the evenings I watched folk dances put into 1967 context: stories about the war, fighters in the South, militiamen shooting down planes. The songs sounded Russian, like old Volga River ballads, and the musical instruments (one-string guitars, tiny square violins held on the knee) were always offset by the familiar tone of a Russian accordion. The art, too, seemed overly influenced by Russia. Of the 300-odd paintings on exhibit in one Haiphong gallery, only 4 were not social realistic war scenes, and these were still lifes.

"That's the Way It Always Is"

Haiphong proper has never been bombed. Its long streets are lined with shelters. Alarms go off fairly regularly, but the US planes just fly overhead, bombing only the outskirts. One such bombing, at Cam Lo, about 5 miles from the city proper, was a massacre. Scores of kids and women were caught in the raid at 6 a.m. and the village was wiped out. But the city and the port have never been hit. The port bustles with activity. The day I visited it, Chinese, Russian and Polish ships were unloading material, everything from rice (China) to generators (Poland) to missiles (Russia). Both the Polish and Russian crews complained that American planes had buzzed them. The Chinese said nothing, but the two ships I looked at were full of holes – from machine gun and 20mm cannons. "That's the way it always is," the Vietnamese port master said. "Every Chinese ship coming here gets strafed though only two have been sunk so far. Ships from other countries are rarely touched."

All the sampans or junks I saw were pockmarked with bullet holes. Armed with rifles, protecting themselves with tightly woven rice-straw mats, the fishermen fire back, and keep on fishing. "We need the food," a fishing cooperative leader from near Haiphong explained.

I can imagine that the fishing village of Phat Diem, connected to the sea by small canals, is considered a naval station, even if it does lie about 12 miles inland: it was bombed 57 times, including on a Sunday, during which raid the church of Saint Francis Xavier was destroyed, killing 72 worshipers (Phat Diem is 80 percent Catholic; 5 of its 15 churches have been ruined). I cannot understand the bombing of Vinh Yen, an agricultural center of 10,000 some 65 miles northwest of Hanoi. There, a couple of weeks before I arrived, US planes had dropped 10 mother bombs carrying 300 fragmentation "guava" bombs, each with some 300 tiny pellets. Such pellets destroy no houses, dent no steel. They only break glass, puncture pots and pierce skin. I covered that town inside out. I rode in each direction for at least two kilometers; there was absolutely nothing that could be misinterpreted as a military target – just mud huts, a few trees, paddies and water buffaloes. The railroad to Yunan is far off and the nearest railroad yard is a little over 18 miles away (which, well defended by antiaircraft batteries, had never been hit). Why was Vinh Yen struck? The raid was disastrous. I saw pellets everywhere (and brought home one unexploded "guava"). There were pellets embedded in walls, in trees, in telegraph poles – and in hundreds of kids. One had been hit by a pellet in one temple; it exited through the other, blowing out both his eyeballs. Because the pellets come in on a spin and keep right on boring, many get lost inside the body. "Sheer terrorism bombing," said the exhausted doctors. The vice president of the provincial court, a pleasant woman named Vu Thuy Chau added: "They want to demoralize us, they want us to tell our government – enough! *C'est idiot*, they only make us more determined, more united."

The Vietnamese certainly seemed determined – and united. Everyone is armed, yet the arms are used only against US planes. And the people are tough. They talk in terms of decades. Their cadremen are professionals. They are convinced that they are the frontline soldiers of all the poor countries of the world which are being threatened by the rich. This is also what Prime Minister Pham Van Dong told me during a three hour interview at the presidential palace. Sitting in the huge reception hall, we had first talked briefly with President Ho Chi Minh, who looked very old and very tired. Dressed in a simple beige cloth suit, wearing "Liberation sandals" (made of old rubber tires), Ho kept insisting that "what you have here in the North is relatively nothing. You must multiply it a hundredfold to have an idea of the hardships our comrades are enduring in the South."

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National Economic Policy for '67

Professor James Tobin, former member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, testified to the Joint Economic Committee of Congress on February 16 that he saw no convincing case for a tax increase this year and that on the contrary it might become necessary to restore the tax credit to business. Professor Alvin H. Hansen suggested the President be given discretion to impose, reduce or rescind tax surcharges in the interests of flexible fiscal policy. Excerpts from their testimony follow.

We Can Do Better Than This

I fear that the Administration has shaded its three major decisions and calculations for 1967 all in the same direction, *i.e.*, in the direction of accepting a rise in unemployment.

First, it is disappointing that the Council of Economic Advisers has not found it possible to aim at an unemployment rate lower than 4 percent. This is the same "interim" target that was set in 1961. At that time it was hoped that the various manpower programs then being undertaken would diminish frictional and structural unemployment, making it possible for stabilization policy to aim at a lower unemployment target. A year ago the council argued that the time had come: "There is strong evidence that the conditions originally set for lowering the target are in fact being met, and that the economy can operate efficiently at lower unemployment rates." The council listed a number of reasons for "the improved ability of the economy to sustain lower unemployment without inflation" – among them, the improved quality of the labor force, the absorption of less employable workers in manpower programs and in the armed forces. The council looked forward with pride to reduction of unemployment to 3¾ percent by the end of 1966.

Now the council retreats to 4 percent unemployment, expressing like the 1962 council the hope and faith that manpower programs will some day clear the way for further progress. Obviously the council was chastened by the 1966 inflation: ". . . the experience of 1966 clearly suggests that expanding demand cannot lower the unemployment rate much below the present level without bringing an unacceptable rate of price increase." The language of the reports indicates greater willingness to accept the risks of a rise in unemployment above 4 percent than those of a rise in prices above 2.5 percent yearly. The President says, ". . . we *need* no further slowdown; we can *tolerate* no new spurt of demand." (My italics.) I find this position difficult to reconcile with the council's own convincing argument that the 1966 inflation was not due so much to the low level of unemployment as to the rapidity with which unemployment was reduced last winter. The maintenance, and gradual reduction, of low unemployment rates need not cause continuing inflation at the 1966 rates. Indeed, price pressures eased in the second half of 1966, even though the unemployment rate remained low, as soon as the pace of expansion of demand diminished.

I believe that further tightening of the labor market can bring considerable economic and social gain, especially in the reduction of Negro unemployment, the expansion of job opportunities for youth, and in the reduction of long-term unemployment. Tightening the labor market enlists the powerful forces of private enterprise and free markets on the side of the "war on poverty." If unemployment rates are allowed to rise, these forces will be working at cross purposes with the government's manpower programs. The main risk on the other side is to the balance of payments. The council says that our international competitive position was not damaged by our 1966 inflation but fears that it might be in future. US balance of payments problems and policies are too large and complex a subject to take up now. But I do not think that the last 10 years entitle us to be optimistic that differential rates of inflation will easily correct imbalances in international payments. If so, our problem would have been solved long since by improvement in our competitive position. Anyway, the balance-of-payments gain from a cautious employment policy seems to me too elusive and speculative to be a decisive consideration.

Second, the council may well have underestimated the expansion of demand necessary to hold unemployment at current levels. The advance in production in 1966 exceeded the council's expectations, 5.5 percent, instead of 5 percent. But the decline in unemployment fell short of expectation. The main reason was the extraordinary elasticity of labor supply with respect to new job openings. The labor force grew by 2.3 percent, average for 1966 against average for 1965, and by a striking 2.9 percent, December 1966 over December 1965, while the population of working age increased by only 1.6 percent. This experience vindicated previous claims that low participation rates in

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the early 1960's reflected lack of job opportunities rather than genuine withdrawals from the potential work force. Is this phenomenon over? Or are further gains in labor force participation in store if jobs remain plentiful? As the figures above suggest, the rise in labor force participation was continuing unabated at the end of 1966, and rates are still below the peaks reached in the mid-1950's prosperity. It is also possible that the fruits of the 1965-66 investment boom will begin to show up in a somewhat improved rate of increase of labor productivity. Larger increases in available manpower and in productivity would mean that the economy is capable of more than a 4 percent increase in production, at a constant unemployment rate. Accepting the council's 2.5 percent estimated price increase, I wonder whether a 6.5 percent increase in total spending will suffice to keep unemployment from rising.

Third, I think that the Administration's fiscal and monetary program is more likely to fall short of a 6.5 percent growth of demand than to exceed it. I take as given the budget estimates of federal expenditures. The main potential weaknesses in the council's account of $47 billion additional demand seem to me to be:

(a) Even assuming the proposed 6 percent tax surcharge after July 1, the council counts on consumer spending for $30 billion, or 64 percent, of the increase in the Gross National Product. This is somewhat higher than the normal share of consumption. Evidently the council is banking heavily on increases in social security benefits and other transfer payments and on a squeeze of profits to raise disposable incomes, and on continuation of the low saving propensities of 1966, in spite of the weakness of consumer durables and possible delayed effects of tight money.

(b) The council expects the rate of inventory accumulation to fall by half, or $5.5 billion. The excessive accumulation of inventories in late 1966 is perhaps the major threat to prosperity in 1967. Selling from inventory instead of new production is the classic mechanism by which slowdowns are converted into recessions. The council's figure is a guess, and it may be over-optimistic.

(c) On the basis of investment anticipations surveys for the first half of the year, the council forecasts a $3 billion, or 4 percent, rise in business fixed investment. This could prove over-optimistic if the scheduled restoration of the tax credit next January 1 causes postponement of projects as 1967 wears on. Moreover, the cost of capital for business investment was sharply increased in 1966, as evidenced both in interest rates and in stock values. This may have delayed effects on investment in 1967, not fully registered in surveys of intentions last fall.

I conclude that in spite of the anticipated growth of federal expenditures, including the proposed improvements of social security benefits, the restraints of current taxes and monetary policies taken together are likely to be too severe. Therefore, I do not now see a case for the proposed 6 percent surcharge. Indeed, I can well imagine that in the course of the year it will prove desirable to restore the investment tax credit ahead of schedule. If federal expenditures are cut below the budget, or if social security benefits are increased less or later than proposed, then stabilization considerations suggest that taxes should be reduced.

Let me emphasize that it does not make sense to argue that since the economy is too weak to stand a tax increase, government expenditures must be cut instead. If the economy can't stand a tax increase, neither can it stand the same degree of fiscal restraint applied via reduction of expenditures. Expenditure programs should be considered on their intrinsic merits. By flexibility in tax and monetary measures, stabilization policy can be adapted to whatever decisions Congress makes about national priorities.

During 1967 the monetary authorities should try to reverse most, if not all, of the increases in interest rates that occurred in 1966. Such a policy cannot be expected to produce early miracles, because both financial institutions and other businesses and individuals will be rebuilding their liquidity positions. The main obstacle to monetary ease is that omnipresent bogey, the balance of payments. The extraordinary tightness of credit conditions in the US last year provided a windfall for the balance of payments by making it profitable to borrow short-term money abroad. As our interest rates decline, the incentives may turn the other way. That is why efforts to bring about a concerted international reduction of interest rates are important. But in any case I do not think the US can stick with an interest rate structure adapted only to critical and extraordinary inflationary conditions, just because one of its unintended by-products was an inflow of funds borrowed abroad.

JAMES TOBIN

Presidential Discretion

Quite apart from any change in tax structure – which is quite a separate problem – the President suggests a quick action measure to cope with possible impending inflationary pressures. He proposes, as we all know, a surcharge on the regular tax liabilities of corporations and individuals beginning July of this year and applicable for a limited period. Passage of a bill of this character is obviously relatively easy compared with a formal tax revision bill. Moreover, as conditions change, the President may alter his proposal.

Some of my best friends believe that a procedure of

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this sort provides adequate flexibility. I cannot agree. It fails to meet the test of a continuously active and flexible fiscal policy. That this is true becomes glaringly apparent when we compare it with monetary policy. Imagine the Federal Reserve Board going to Congress in January asking for approval to put into effect rediscount policy and open market operations six months hence. Too ridiculous even to contemplate! Instead, the board reviews the changing economic scene day by day and week by week, and is prepared to change the discount rate and open market operations as circumstances demand. This is flexible monetary policy. And precisely similar flexibility is needed for fiscal policy. To achieve true flexibility the President should be granted discretionary power to impose, reduce, or rescind, as the case may require, surcharges supplementing the regular tax liabilities of corporations and individuals. Recommendations along this line have been made by your own subcommittee on fiscal policy, by the Commission on Money and Credit of some years ago, by President Kennedy in his State of the Union message of 1962, and by economists representing both conservative and liberal schools of thinking.

To safeguard congressional control of taxation, I should be prepared to agree that the Congress should retain the power, by majority vote in both Houses, to veto any presidentially ordered surtax rate changes.

Alvin H. Hansen

High Flying Fares

by Gilbert B. Friedman

In June 1960, I flew round trip from Los Angeles to New York for $170 on Trans-Continental, a ticket agency for several airlines. Trans-Continental's license was not renewed by the Civil Aeronautics Board. In January 1964, I flew round trip from San Francisco to New York for $188 on US Overseas Airlines. Sometime in the fall of 1964, the CAB refused to renew US Overseas' license. As of February 17, the cheapest price for the flight from Los Angeles or San Francisco to New York was $152.36 – $304.72 round trip.

My trip on Trans-Continental in 1960 was on a DC-6 which made one stop in Chicago. The plane was supposed to leave at 11 p.m., but left at 12:15 a.m., arriving in New York one hour and fifteen minutes late. No movies, no free magazines. But I did get from Los Angeles to New York in approximately 11 hours flying time. The Greyhound Bus would have taken me 72 hours, and cost $143.50 round trip, besides bending me into a human pretzel.

Trans-Continental did not represent nonscheduled airlines, but was an agent for several supplemental airlines. It made only a few flights a week at non-busy hours at the airports and between heavily populated centers. Trans-Continental was always booked solid, and why not.

After Trans-Continental's commercial license expired, the airline that provided those of us who could not stand buses with a cheap means to get across the country was US Overseas Airlines. Its main flights were to Hawaii and the islands in the South Pacific, but it was allowed two runs a week between New York and San Francisco and Los Angeles, as connecting links to the Pacific. These flights were also booked up solid, and reservations had to be made well in advance. The planes were DC-6s and service was about equal with Trans-Continental's. The only major airline which tried to compete with either Trans-Continental or US Overseas Airlines was Trans World Airlines, which ran a few flights from San Francisco or Los Angeles to New York City for $118 on a DC-6. But the plane made six stops along the way. A few months after US Overseas Airlines' last commercial flight on September 24, 1964, TWA dropped its flight.

Today the price all airlines charge for crossing the country from San Francisco or Los Angeles to New York is exactly the same: $152.36 one way, $304.72 round trip. But don't think that competition is dead. It is keener than ever. Now that the petty issue of price has been eliminated, airlines compete on the more subtle level of a "product differentiation." Which airline shows the best movies, which shows only movies in technicolor, which has 10 channels of entertainment on a five-hour trip? Who prepares, or should I say, inspires the meals of the passengers – Maxim's of Paris, or the Four Seasons of New York? Which airline's silver comes from Tiffany's, which from International Sterling? Which stewardesses have their wardrobes designed by Dior, which by Oleg Cassini?

Gilbert B. Friedman *was an attorney in San Francisco and now teaches business law at the University of Connecticut.*

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Is this any way to run an airline? You bet it's not!

I have yet to meet anyone who wanted to see a first-run movie or eat a first-class meal for $152 while he travels 2,587 miles. A person flies because it is the fastest way of getting from here to there. The frills are incidental. If each passenger was offered a $15 reduction in his fare if he were not allowed to view the movies, TV, or to eat a fancy meal, the vast majority of passengers would take the refund. Perhaps you feel that most people really like the frills and prefer to pay for them. I point to the Trans-Atlantic Flight to Europe as an example that people do care about price.

All the jet airlines charge the same fare from the US to Europe, because they all are members of the International Air Transport Association (IATA). The cheapest flight from New York to Europe on a member of IATA is to Shannon, Ireland, a bit out of the way, but a lot less to pay. Any of the major US or international airlines will fly you there in the off-season for $362.90 round trip, or $437 round trip in the summer season. All IATA airlines fly only jets. The flight takes approximately six hours. (An inclusive-tour-group fare – $205 round trip – is now offered if one stays more than two weeks but less than three, and is willing to book, in advance, $70 worth of ground services (hotel rooms, car rental, etc.). It was instituted unilaterally – without IATA approval. Restrictions apply to certain "peak" periods during the summer.)

There is one airline, however, that is not a member of this organization. Icelandic Airlines flies CL-44 prop jet planes and makes one stop in Iceland. The fare from New York to Luxembourg – centrally located between France and Belgium and just a few hours by train to Paris or Amsterdam – is $319 round trip in the off season and $389 round trip during summer months. This flight is approximately 3,600 air miles and takes about 10 hours. IATA members charge $456.40 round trip in the off season, and $541.90 in the summer, for the same trip. Icelandic Airlines is always heavily booked. You must make reservations well in advance for the summer months.

All Types of Bargains

Realizing that price might have some bearing on travel habits, the airlines have recently offered all types of bargains. The first plan offered reductions to families flying Monday noon to Friday noon who were going for at least six days and not more than 30. Daddy paid full fare, mommy half fare, the children one-third fare, and children under two got free passage. But the very ground rules of its operations were the problem. With a week's vacation, for example, a man would probably prefer to leave Friday night and return Sunday, stretching his five-day vacation to nine. Unless his trip was cross-country he probably could reach his destination earlier by driving on Friday than flying on Monday. He would also save money. The problem on the return trip was even worse, since by coming back before Friday noon he would shorten his vacation to four days. If he waited and returned after Monday noon, his employer might not like it.

This is the very same problem with the airlines' excursion fare innovation, the one which went into effect March 27, 1966. Under this plan, if you go for not less than six or more than 30 days, you receive a 25 percent discount; a $304.72 round trip ticket from Los Angeles to New York is reduced to $228.54. But again, you can't fly on weekends and are still not able to stretch your vacation. And if this isn't enough of a discouragement, the airlines disallow "excursion fares" during "peak periods"! "Peak periods" are: June 12 to June 30, the first week of July, the entire month of August, the days immediately preceding and after Christmas – December 21 through December 23, December 26 through December 28, Thanksgiving (November 23 and November 27 and 28), New Year's Day, Labor Day, Easter, etc., etc. In short, during the time you might be taking a vacation in the summer or anytime you might be visiting a relative on a holiday. The plan does help some, many do use it, but it does not help those who would appreciate the savings most, working people who cannot arrange their lives to take advantage of the current bargains.

Probably the most effective innovation allows persons between 12 and 22 to purchase a ticket for $3 and fly for one-half the regular fare on a standby basis. A ticket from New York to San Francisco would be $76.18. The Christmas, New Year's and Thanksgiving rush days are excluded as the regulations now stand. Initiated by American Airlines, this policy has been adopted by almost all major airlines on nearly all flights. These youth fares enabled airlines to increase by 71 percent the number of people in the 18-24-year-old group taking their first commercial air trip. And there are 3.7 million persons entering the 18-24-age group each year. Perhaps if the airlines gave a large flat discount on certain flights (for example from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m.), regardless of the day, to the general public on a standby basis, they would increase the number of persons who take their first commercial flight in other age groups and increase other persons' frequency of taking flights.

One reason the airlines may have initiated this program is that the college students, although unorganized in most respects of "commerce," are becoming highly organized in one specialty: chartering planes. Since a large number of students will be leaving campuses or returning at the same time, it becomes quite easy for a student organization or some outside commercial

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company to charter a plane. These charters usually charge quite reasonable rates. For example, at the University of California at Berkeley over Christmas 1965, there were two chartered planes to New York, through the Trans-Continental Agency, one at a cost of $179 round trip, the other by jet for $208 round trip. Both charters were arranged by agencies outside the university.

On foreign flights, incidentally, the charters have become unbelievably popular. They go from Los Angeles or San Francisco to Europe for approximately $380 round trip; a saving of approximately $300 over commercial flights. This may account in part for an almost 35 percent reduction in average fares (non-charter) across the Atlantic during the period 1960-66. Harold Gray, president of Pan Am, predicts that the trend will continue through new promotional fares – that is, if you can find a computer complex enough to unscramble all the available "excursions."

The Air Clubs

The newest form of travel is the air clubs, which make charter flight prices seem high. A group of people, about 750, get together and buy a plane, say a DC-7. You buy a membership in the club for about $100, which is refundable upon termination of membership, and you pay annual dues of about $70 a year. The savings are incredible. Last summer, the Magellan Club of Oakland, California, scheduled two four-week flights to London from San Francisco for $220 round trip.

It is my opinion that the price for a ticket from New York to Los Angeles or San Francisco should cost a flat $100, if not less, rather than $152, regardless of the time or day of the flight. It should be pointed out that whereas in 1960, Greyhound and Trailways charged $143.50 for a round-trip ticket from New York to San Francisco, they now charge $99 for a ticket good for 99 days.

Perhaps, you think that $100 is ridiculously low, that no airline could possibly make money at that price. Then consider the following facts. The distance from Los Angeles to New York is 2,474 air miles whereas the air miles from Los Angeles to Honolulu, Hawaii, are 2,400. While the cheapest non-excursion jet from Los Angeles to New York is $152.36, you can fly to Hawaii from Los Angeles on a jet for $100.06 (with movie, no less, but no meal) on either Pan American or United Air Lines. It is five hours flying time from Los Angeles to New York, or to Hawaii, but this varies with wind conditions. It is only fair to say you can spend more money to go to Hawaii – it's $110.06 one way if you want a meal with your movie, and it's $142.54, one way if you want to go first class, and God only knows what you get then, but the point is you can go for $100.06 if you don't want any frills. I assume the airlines are making money on the $100.06 ticket. So, United Air Lines will take you from Los Angeles to Hawaii on a DC-8 jet with a movie, for $52.30 less than the same airline will fly you from Los Angeles to New York (also on a DC-8). In short, you are paying an extra $52.30 for 74 air miles. Well, perhaps it's cheaper to fly over water.

San Francisco to Los Angeles is only 59 air miles less than the distance from Boston, Massachusetts, to Washington, D.C., but one can make the former trip for as little as $12 one way on a Pacific Southwest Airlines (PSA) prop jet, and $14.17 coach on TWA, United, and Western; the least expensive ticket from Boston to Washington, D.C. is $25.88. Los Angeles to San Francisco is the most heavily traveled route, but air traffic and weather only partly explain the contrast in price. It is better explained by the fact that PSA is an intrastate airline, operating only in the state of California, and is therefore not controlled by the CAB. Pacific Southwest Airlines' prices are controlled by the Public Utilities Commission of the state of California. Needless to say, PSA has profited from these low fares and takes passengers away from United, TWA, and the other interstate lines. The only way United, TWA, etc., could stay in business on this particular route was to cut prices to be competitive.

Look around your region and you will find huge price discrepancies where the routes have almost identical air miles and approximately the same amount of passengers. Check where both cities are in the same state and therefore not subject to CAB regulations. You will be startled by the discrepancies. What is needed in the airline industry is competition in fares and competition to fill all those empty seats, rather than over who designed the stewardesses' wardrobes.

Well, aren't the airlines doing a good job today? Aren't the planes full now? They may be during the big vacations, and sometimes on Friday or Sunday, but have you ever boarded a plane on a Tuesday afternoon from San Francisco to New York? More often than not, it is a third, or at best half full. The average passenger load of all flights for 1965 was 50 percent of capacity. One wonders what it will be when the 450-seat "stretch-out" jet appears in 1970.

There are millions of Americans who cannot afford present jet air fares, but who would much prefer to go by plane, even a prop plane, than take a bus. There are still other millions who would rather take six hours longer each way on a DC-6 for $170 round trip from New York to Los Angeles, than pay $304.72 for the jet. Half the fun to many would be saving the $134.72 to spend when they get to their destination, or just the chance to go more often, or to go at all.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Welcome*

McGraw-Hill is publishing seven first novels this spring, an event worth noting. Every publisher presents some first novels, relative to the length and strength of his list in any season and, of course, relative to his luck in finding new authors. But seven is a large number even for a large firm, particularly when (as it seems) some money and effort are to be applied to promoting them. A passion for first novels – often in series or groups – recurs with publishers and is usually quickly spent. (About 10 years ago there was a series published jointly and briefly by an American and an English publisher.) Frequently the publisher makes the same mistake that many founders of "permanent" theatres make: he expects the public to share his professional interest in development before the work itself is sufficiently interesting to the public. And, just as often, the plans fail because there aren't enough good first novels to sustain a series or to justify promotion *en bloc*.

Well, here is a group of seven. Obviously nothing can be predicted about the remaining six by reading the first, but one can hope. My hope is that they are all at least as good. *Digging Out* by Anne Richardson* is a work of immediately perceptible talent. Despite its flaws, it grips from the start with its freshness, which does not mean novelty: it means that the author has found her own irresistible way to tell and to shade her truths.

What the protagonist, Laura, is digging out is herself. Thus, unavoidably, alas, the novel must be called a quest for identity. Clichés are not in subjects but in authors. Mrs. Richardson is interested in what her book is about, not in swimming with any literary or psychological stream, therefore there are no clichés in her novel.

The story consists of, and is also set within, a long deathbed vigil. Laura is the daughter of wealthy Park Avenue Jews named Smith. (A good deal of the theme is in that simple statement.) She is svelte, educated, intense. Her mother is dying slowly of metastasis, stemming from a brain tumor that has already reduced her to infantilism. The mother's process of dying, the daughter's agony in her mother's dying, is like a blowtorch that peels the varnish and veneer from the history of Laura's family, from her valuation and placement of herself.

There is a structure of interwoven strands. (The chapters have slightly pretentious titles: "Primary Source 1," "Secondary Source, Kin 1," and so on.) Some of the chapters are Laura's thoughts and experiences; some of them are narratives of the lives of her grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins and parents. A few chapters are what the author calls Christmas stories. (The "present" time of the book is the Christmas season.) These stories are, in the main, Laura's fantasies about her possible parentage or fate, or other fantasies deriving from her lack of a sense of reality about herself.

The best sections in the book are her subjective chapters. The relation with her dying mother is conveyed with heat, with a compressed, oblique anguish. (It reminded me of Anatole Broyard's "What the Cystoscope Said," that excellent story about a young man and his dying father.) What is particularly painful is that Laura has never been really close to her mother. No enmity or dislike, but the gulf between the birth on the Lower East Side and the birth on Park Avenue had never really been bridged; more, we feel that there had been a certain lack of will to bridge it. As the mother deteriorates (" 'Abu, agu, asusususu,' she murmured"), Laura grows in two perceptions: of the death before her and the birth within her.

For the first, Laura thinks of her mother:

> "These last weeks she had been interested only in her own biology and its implications. Her universe had become as small as that of a newborn infant, and perhaps that was an advantage. If a baby dies, it does not give up tea at the Plaza or relinquish summers at the seashore. . . . It just abandons a series of sensations that, for the most part, were not pleasurable."

For the second, the birth, Laura needs her mother's death:

> "The tribe does not take kindly to defection, but now that my mother was going into the ground I could leave them chanting in the temple, forming businesses with each other and exchanging magic words. I could go alone. I could go no other way. I would become the first American in my family. To be American one must have no root, no family, perhaps a few hastily covered graves along the freeway."

Laura is not present, as character or narrator, in the chapters of family history, but they have inferentially come into being through the terrible catalyst of her mother's dying. The style in these other chapters is quite different; we leave fierce subjectivity for a more bland, narrated style, and to some degree the book suffers by this change. Mrs. Richardson's chief assets in this novel are her highly personal visions and elisions. When she tells the story of her grandfather in Czarist Russia or of the immigrant family's adventures in New York, the book becomes lesser Malamud, the style takes on a hint of conscious innocence. These family chapters are well enough done and never sag – except for one flashback about their German maid, which was included apparently for the simple paradox that the maid continued to work for Jews while her family in Bavaria became Nazis. There are numerous telling touches in these chapters. (Of an aunt: "She had no dream of saving the world or dancing on tabletops. She wished only to marry a nice young man. . . .") But the vitality, the electric *presence* of Laura's chapters is missing.

This difference in texture becomes the book's thematic flaw. Mrs. Richardson *tells* us the story of the keystone betrayal by which the grandfather got to America; of the failures

(Continued on page 40)

* *Digging Out* by Anne Richardson (McGraw-Hill; $4.50)

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A Hero of Our Time

by Robert Coles

There are men and women whose labor is exceptional in the very special sense that it takes place in professional territory that is ignored, scorned or most often feared. I assume that every profession has them, workers who are not good, or capable or productive, but literally inspiring and heroic in an old-fashioned religious or philosophical way. They cause their colleagues to see

The Empty Fortress
by Bruno Bettelheim
(Free Press; $9.95)

new things, go new places and most of all to feel less despair. Their achievement is singular enough to be called fateful by the more romantic. They themselves have no illusion that their deeds will earn the honest respect of their colleagues. What they win instead is the exile that sentimentality provides, the enshrined isolation that incompetent and timid people insist upon for those whose example they do not wish to follow. "He is outstanding," one hears – meaning his everyday honesty is simply too much for the rest of us, and must be declared so rare that it is irrelevant. "He must have had an unusual or strange life," one especially hears today – meaning the dignity of his work and its implications for everyone else's work are a threat indeed, and must be destroyed with whatever weapons are available, today's number one choice being the psychological observation dressed up in fancy language but nonetheless murderous.

In clinical psychiatric and psychoanalytic work there are a few such heroes, men and women whose intelligence, compassion and above all, candor illuminate their deeds, their words and the failures they inevitably suffer. I am thinking of the late Frieda Fromm-Reichmann and of Harold Searles. No one knows for sure what "causes" schizophrenia (or indeed, whether such a presumptuous medical word is justifiably used to describe so wide a range of human behavior), but anyone who has read how either of those two analysts have treated their patients will recognize himself in the presence of grace, even if it is the kind one can only feel through the printed word. (By grace I do not mean treacly niceness, but the ability to be determined, tough and resilient against great odds.)

Certainly Bruno Bettelheim is another such hero, another clinician who has taken on the hardest imaginable challenges and done so with almost fierce pride – as if what is unknown must be discovered, and that is that. His latest effort, *The Empty Fortress,* stands as one more in an extraordinary series (*The Informed Heart, Love Is Not Enough, Truants from Life*). Though its subject matter – the treatment and causes of infantile autism – commands relatively little general interest, I think the book is something more than the scholarly psychiatric and educational volume it purports to be. I want to say that it offers a glimpse of "damnation" or "redemption," but we have been trained to shun such words when considering the particular kind of human experience that psychiatrists and psychoanalysts know and write about. Even so, I do not think Bruno Bettelheim will mind if his readers have such a relapse – and see his book to be a passionate description of *deliverance,* as it may be achieved for one child and denied to another.

Autistic children are alive, but keep utterly to themselves. Either they do not and will not talk at all, or the sounds they make, the words they speak are meant for no ears but their own. To the observer they often seem curiously set in their ways; they have habits, and they keep to them. They may cling to certain objects – a toy, a blanket, anything – as if life itself were at stake. While all children become devoted to playthings, autistic children seem exclusively absorbed with them, as if human beings do not or should not exist.

It is not that such children are without enough intelligence; some are very bright. At first glance they may appear merely very shy and a bit odd – perhaps a welcome contrast to the insistent smilers and hand-shakers many parents make their children become. For some reason they frequently seem particularly thoughtful – when they are not wild and menacing. It is as if they are under a spell – as some fey adults appear to be – and waiting only for the "right" person to come along. Perhaps the word "limbo" serves to place them; only I fear in most cases the analogy has to be a rather literal one. They cannot be saved, or even given enough life to take an active part in shaping (with others) their own doom.

As might be expected when knowledge is lacking, clinicians have different explanations for what causes children to become so terribly alone or shut off. Perhaps one or more genes are at fault. Perhaps it is all something "constitutional" – a vague, nondescript word that means no one really has the answer to an awful, total puzzle. Again, it may be that the child's mind, responding to his daily experiences, has seen fit to accomplish this most decisive of renunciations. Who is to know the answer – when only a few really care to find out, and have in themselves the purpose, self-command and tenacity to do so?

Bruno Bettelheim has those qualities of mind; and in this book, as in his others, he is willing to share with us the experiences he has had (in the concentration camps) that consolidated what I assume to be a prior vitality and plasticity of temperament. The stresses he experienced at the hands of the Nazis made him forever after interested in how children face the worst that life offers – and not all persecution is done for political reasons. (It is interesting to learn, though, that he had already treated autistic children

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long before the Gestapo took him away.) Now, after many years of day-to-day work with dozens of these most isolated of children he gives us a long, considered and at times haunting account of what he thinks happens to them that makes them act as they do.

The book is divided into three sections: an initial, general discussion of the child's developing mental life, done in the best and most sensitive psychoanalytic tradition; a lengthy report of how three autistic children fared at Bettelheim's famous Orthogenic School; and a final review of the literature on autism, which includes a fascinating essay on so-called "wolf-children," whom the author convincingly pictures as autistic, and thus fearful enough to the rest of us to require mythological treatment, in this case exile to the alleged care (and responsibility) of animals.

A book like this one defies review. Perhaps even the writing up of work like Bettelheim's is a near impossible task. How does one convey the continual energy, the care and thought that go into studying and attempting to make real and useful contact with these children? It is a round-the-clock job, and one that may well prove futile, as Bettelheim does not shirk saying. On the other hand, there are successes, instances that tend to confirm what emerges as the author's central proposition: until we have proof otherwise – from geneticists or neurophysiologists – the autistic child can only be written off by clinicians because in all honesty they do not have the time, interest or capacity to take on that kind of psychological problem. None of the children whom Bettelheim describes failed to change some. The incredibly dedicated people who live with them and try to reach them do not work in vain. The child's parents may pose a hopeless obstacle, or the child may have arrived too late, already so old that no one and nothing can make enough difference to undo what years of extreme and unforgiving self-centeredness have established; but every child, however much to himself he is in the beginning, notices and responds to the consistent effort that Bettelhelm and those working with him are willing to exert.

As a result, Bettelheim's research emerges as demanding and uncommon, but significant to the work of others, who work with less difficult "problems," or study the way normal children grow and learn. His clinical illustrations are impressive, but he does not fall down as a theorist, either. He is modest, sensible and unpretentious when he tries to specify the particulars that make for autism. Fate (he is not ashamed of the word) in the form of the child's inheritance meets up with the accidents, vicissitudes and fears of the mother's life – all of which child-bearing and child-rearing make newly consequential.

The book is free of muddled, densely abstract passages. Nor does Bettelheim have any desire to use psychoanalytic concepts in that peculiarly moralistic, punitive and vulgar way one has come to expect of any number of psychiatrists and psychiatric social workers. Here are autistic children – gravely apart from the rest of us, seriously "ill," if that is the word for their trouble. Yet, their mothers are not called "rejecting" or "schizophrenogenic"; their fathers are not called "aggressive" or "borderline." If a parent is fatally flawed in some respect, the author tells about it so that justice is done to the enormous complexity of the problem.

Put another way, the children are not used as pawns in a rude (at the very least) exercise of name-calling – which hurt, worried parents have come to accept as their due from so-called "trained professionals." For Bettelheim the mystery of autism – indeed of all mental illness – requires quite a different kind of analysis and action. He knows that what happens in families and in the doctor's office is hard enough to find out, and harder still to assign (not to mention blame) as the "cause" of anything. He knows that life's ironies and ambiguities demand from the psychiatric clinician every ounce of hard work, meticulous observation and modesty he can summon; that right now there are more questions than answers. Perhaps it is such knowledge, gained under baffling circumstances, that makes for the kind of quiet heroism he and his colleagues continue to demonstrate, day after day.

To keep Justice blindfolded do we have to gag the press?

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The people's right to know has come increasingly into conflict with due process of law in recent years. The cases of Dr. Sam Sheppard, Billie Sol Estes, and Jack Ruby are among the more celebrated examples of the impact of press coverage on the administration of justice. A distinguished panel of jurists and prominent members of the bar considered this perplexing problem for more than three years and has now published its conclusions and recommendations for preserving both the First Amendment and the right to a fair trial. They include specific and controversial steps affecting the judicial establishment, police authorities, and news media, that will be of importance to all concerned citizens.

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[An Editorial Announcement]

In its March issue, Ramparts magazine will document how the CIA has infiltrated and subverted the world of American student leaders, over the past fifteen years.

It has used students to spy; it has used students to pressure international student organizations into taking Cold War positions; and it has interfered, in a most shocking manner, in the internal workings of the nation's largest and oldest student organization.*

The 10,000 word account of the operations of the CIA within America's largest student organization is a case study in the corruption of youthly idealism. It is also a singularly disquieting indication of the extent to which the government's secret intelligence apparatus wormed its way into American institutions.

The story in the March Ramparts also presents an amazing account of how the CIA bends so-called independent foundations to its clandestine financial purposes, using them as conduits for espionage money. Names are named and dollar amounts cited.

It is, additionally, the poignant story of the recent attempts by student leaders to throw off their financial shackles to the CIA, and of the highly-placed liberals in the government who tried — and failed — to help them.

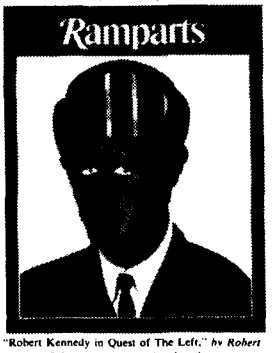
Ramparts will dedicate this story to the tens of thousands of innocent American students who went abroad, or worked hard in liberal student politics at home, unaware that their leaders had sold out their independence.

When you read this extraordinary article, you will feel that the CIA owes the youth of this country an apology.

The demand for the March Ramparts is expected to be unusually heavy, so you may be well advised to ask your newsdealer to reserve your copy now. If you wish, you may insure receiving the March issue on time by entering a subscription at the special introductory rates listed below. Cash orders will receive, free, a copy of the February Ramparts on Robert Kennedy.

Also in the March Ramparts: A social history and political evaluation of the Hippies, America's new gypsies (with 11 pages of color photographs); H. Stuart Hughes on Jean Paul Sartre; The unusually hard times of Maine's Passamaquoddy Indians; "The Death of A President" — the story behind the firing of Clark Kerr; William Appleman Williams on Senator Fulbright; Novelist Stephen Schneck on the Hell's Angels; Activist Tom Hayden on the Viet Cong.

[FEBRUARY]



"Robert Kennedy in Quest of The Left," *by Robert Scheer, is free to cash subscribers.*

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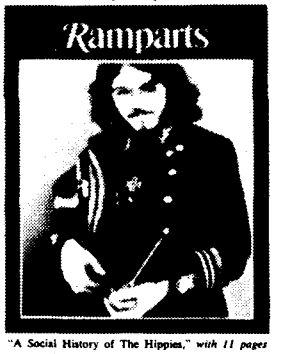

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The International System

by Stanley Hoffmann

A generation ago, Quincy Wright, in his monumental *Study of War*, produced a kind of encyclopedia of interstate violence. It remains a mine of information, although it bears (inevitably) the marks of the inter-war period. There is throughout a thread of hope in the capacity of international law and organization to curb violence, in the capacity of enlightened opinion to tame sovereignty and nationalism. After the slaughter of World War II and the coming of the nuclear age, writers such as Bernard Brodie, Henry Kissinger and Herman Kahn have analyzed the impact of the new weapons on strategy. Thomas Schelling attempts to study war as a special case of the "strategy of conflict" that pervades a myriad of human activities – from child rearing to economic bargaining; and the many scholars who are currently doing research on conflict resolution, although their work is often more oriented toward peace and less toward theory building than Schelling's, share his approach to war by stressing the lessons to be derived from other forms of conflict.

Peace and War
by Raymond Aron
(Doubleday; $10)

Raymond Aron's *Peace and War*, which appeared in France in 1962 and which is finally published here is no less ambitious. But his perspective is quite different. He too studies more than war. But whereas the conflict approach runs the risk of minimizing the distinctive features of international politics, of encouraging false analogies and above all of neglecting the historical context of world politics, Aron is concerned with international relations as a special field of study that has its own logic of behavior, its own determining factors, and its own problems of ethics and policy. There have been – especially in this country – many other attempts at developing a general theory of international relations, starting with Hans Morgenthau's famous *Politics among Nations*. But Aron's grandiose attempt is doubly original. First, rather than putting at the center of the theory a concept as confusing as Power (a phenomenon that is not special to international politics and that covers both ends and means) or as elusive as the National Interest, Aron focuses on the unique features of the international milieu – the alternation of war and peace, the ever-present possibility for the statesman to resort to violence in order to reach his nation's goals, because states live in a "state of nature": in the absence of any centralized power above theirs, states in conflict can always "take justice into [their] own hands." Thus, the study of international relations becomes that of "strategic-diplomatic behavior," since the soldier and the diplomat are the characteristic actors on the world stage. Secondly, Aron's effort to rationalize, as he puts it, international relations gives his book a sweep that exceeds even the scope of Quincy Wright's effort. For it contains no less than a "theory," a "sociology," an analysis of the present international system, and what Aron calls praxeology – *i.e.*, a policy-oriented philosophy that examines the "antinomies of diplomatic-strategic conduct." This is the most intellectually ambitious work that has ever been written about international relations.

And yet, it is a book that is likely to disappoint or to irritate many readers on this side of the Atlantic. It will tire out those who expect books that deal with such a host of complex problems to be written in clear and elegant language. Aron's style, in French, meets this requirement. It may not be "easy" reading, for it is highly concise and concentrated; but it is lucid, precise and often brilliantly epigrammatic. It is leaner and swifter than the style of that other distinguished French writer on international relations, Charles de Gaulle. But the French both men write owes a great deal to Latin and to the style of France's classical writers (the 17th century's in de Gaulle's case, the 18th century's in Aron's). It is, consequently, very hard to translate into English. One of the two translators of *Peace and War* has previously turned into English two of the three volumes of de Gaulle's *Memoirs*; but whereas the narrative sweep of de Gaulle's epic - for - anthologies - and - civics-texts survived the translator's flatness and inaccuracies, Aron's intellectual prowess gets drowned in a grey sea of turgid English. A less cautious translator would have decompressed Aron's tense, taut style, replaced participles with indicatives, broken up sentences. The translators have been too faithful. The meaning is rarely distorted but a dense smog of gallicisms reduces visibility.

Also, the book will annoy those who expect a more academic kind of composition. The volume's outline is clear enough. But Aron has rather ruthlessly cut out transitions, reduced the number of signposts, and within a single, short section he discusses an impressive series of issues, whose connections are not always self-evident. His mind works at incredible speed, and he expects the reader's to func-

MARX, ENGELS, and the POETS

Origins of Marxist Literary Criticism

by Peter Demetz

This book discusses the formation of Marxist literary doctrine and its origins in German 19th century radicalism expressed in the writings of Marx and Engels. Marxist critics Plekhanov, Mehring, Lukács, Adorno, Han Mayer, and Lucien Goldmann are also discussed in relation to Marxist critical theory and its attempt to derive artistic achievements from economic and social elements. A valuable contribution to understanding the remarkable men who formulated some of the most controversial ideas of our age.

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tion as fast as his; but what comes naturally to him requires a great deal of effort from anyone else. The first impression may well be that Aron has followed only too closely his model, Montesquieu: the *Spirit of the Laws* is a mosaic of discrete reflections and arguments, and *Peace and War* often reads like one also. But there is really much more of a thread, of an order and of a progression. Only it is up to the reader to find it.

The book will disappoint those who expect Aron to present us with a "science" of international relations, complete with hypotheses, laws, predictions and generalizations. To be sure, the subtitle of the book is: a theory of international relations. But Aron carefully explains why a general theory comparable to economic theory is not possible here. International relations can be rationalized or formalized because there are recurrent diplomatic patterns (*i.e.* systems) and because the risk of war obliges the actors to calculate means (*i.e.* forces). But the plurality of objectives, the impossibility of arriving at any adequate measurement of power (which consists so largely of intangibles), the difference between force (which is calculable) and power (which is not) – a difference the United States experiences every day – all this rules out "the reconstruction of a closed system." A science that would pretend to rigor and certainty in a field that allows for neither would be a pseudo-science. What theory can do is to analyze basic concepts, the logic of diplomatic-strategic behavior, the types of diplomatic constellations, and the variables that bring them about.

Finally, the book will disappoint those who expect either a bold new program of international reform, capable of carrying man beyond the age of war or the stage of nation-states, or else a single and all-encompassing interpretation of the causes and functions of war. To look for one overarching insight is to look in vain. The very nature of the field makes such an approach invalid, just as it eliminates a certain form of scientism. It would be utopian to suggest a "mutation of history," and it would be dishonest to pretend that a single revelation can resolve all the mysteries in the study

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of war. Moreover, Aron's own mind is essentially critical. His book is a festive graveyard of other writers' theories, philosophies and ideologies. It is as if all the partial truths developed by Aron's predecessors had been thrown into a gigantic juicer that infallibly squeezes out the juice but rejects the skin and the pits. And it is perfectly obvious that Aron enjoys nothing more than the demonstration of the inaccuracy of *idées reçues*. This is another reason why the book will annoy many readers, for whom such ideas are not only accepted but hallowed. These readers may end up feeling that all Aron does is tear off the prejudices that kept them warm, and let them shiver in the icy cold of his own skepticism and of his tireless display of uncertainties.

To dispel error is part of any teacher's job. Aron – whether he deals with world politics or with industrial society – is a great teacher because he brings to his critical task not only a formidable analytical talent but also a piercing common sense – the art of going straight to the heart of an issue, as in his brief discussion of revolutionary wars in which one side loses if it does not win, whereas all that the rebels must do to win is avoid losing – a remark of immediate relevance to Vietnam. At the same time, he manages to see all sides of every problem. His discussion of the strategic dilemmas in the nuclear age owes a great deal to the concepts of American strategic literature; but it is marked by a respect for the complexity of deterrence, by a sense of historical and psychological contingency that are often missing in the books he had read. His way of showing the advantages and disadvantages of every course, of expressing his doubts with question marks may strike some as an inability to conclude and decide. Yet nothing would be farther from the truth.

For there is a coherent vision and a program behind this book after all. Whatever the biological roots of aggressiveness, man lives in communities where conflict is inevitable. Within a polity, conflict normally remains nonviolent, because of man's socialization as a citizen, and of institutions that both provide for conflict resolution and enjoy the monopoly of force. Nothing similar exists among nations. Consequently war, while not "necessary" or inevitable, has nevertheless been a constant feature of history. States have had too many clashing objectives to be able to do without war; the calculation of means has been too uncertain to insure the permanent success of deterrence. Even moderate systems of international relations – multipolar systems of states with similar regimes and beliefs – have neither eliminated violence, nor been very stable. The study of the material and social variables that have affected and shaped war: geography, population, resources, regimes, the nation-state, leads to the same conclusion as the more abstract analysis of concepts and systems. On the one hand there is no fatality of war: war cannot be explained by any determinism (Aron is at his best in demolishing theories of economic determinism, and in arguing that the indictment of the nation-state fails to point out that a different kind of social unit is both hard to find and unlikely to be any less competitive). On the other hand, the freedom of choice statesmen have thus enjoyed has never led to lasting peace. In the nuclear age, the advent of weapons of mass destruction and the balance of terror between the two superpowers create common interests that tend to keep the Big Two away from all-out war. But the contest of regimes, ideologies and interests is sufficiently strong to endanger peace, the nuclear stalemate breeds limited wars and remains delicate, and even if deterrence works, the battle of "persuasion and subversion" continues. Thus – at the end of Part Three – the conclusion is still the same: it is too early to proclaim the end of "bellicose history."

In the final part, Aron searches for an ethic, a strategy and a policy that should make a gradual pacification possible. Although the context in which the book was written was the bipolar conflict of the early 1960's, Aron's analysis remains valid, for he was aware both of the muting of this conflict due to a common interest in survival, and of the irrelevance of bipolarity outside the military realm.

His problem is the reconciliation of what he calls the Machiavellian problem of "legitimate means," in a world in which no actor can be asked to neglect his own interests and to behave as if the competition were over, with the Kantian problem of world peace. The only correct ethical approach, for Aron, is that of the ethics of responsibility, not the ethics of conviction. Absolutes are of little help in the contest, foreign policy behavior must be judged not in the abstract but in the historical context, *i.e.* largely by consequences. Pacification can only be achieved, so to speak, from within the contest itself, gradually and laboriously. Responsibility means a strategy and policy of moderation: what Aron calls the ethics of prudence or wisdom, which finds a middle ground between the still utopian rule of law, and the shortsighted "morality of struggle." Today, wisdom means an effort at arms control (if not through negotiated agreements, at least through tacit and parallel measures), a limitation of objectives, and a strategy of graduated deterrence. Aron shows that the Western powers could and should consider

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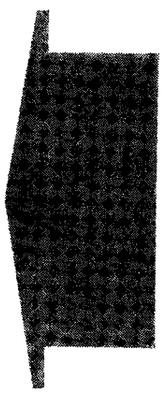

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that they had "won" the cold war if their adversaries reverted to moderate international behavior even without any "rollback" or change of regime. Throughout this book (as in all of Aron's major works), ideology is the real villain, both as the enemy of true science and as the enemy of peace. Aron, writing in 1960-61, was gloomier about the prospects of early ideological erosion in the Soviet Union than subsequent events necessitated, perhaps because he did not pay quite enough attention to internal developments. But he was right in pointing out that the East-West conflict was neither so profound as to justify a struggle to the death, not likely to be resolved through a prolonged coexistence of the two blocs. Indeed, the disintegration of the blocs, which is a prerequisite for the return to moderation, has proceeded faster than he seemed to expect.

Aron's message is clear. The West, and especially the US if it wants prudence to prevail, should set itself modest goals, particularly in the Third World; for the only truly decisive areas are the arms race and Europe (a lesson we have yet to learn with respect to Southeast Asia). But even if prudence should prevail, the great utopias of "world peace through world law," of world federalism, or of universal empire must be dismissed. The world in which we live may be on the threshold of a "universal conscience," conquests may no longer be profitable, and large wars are too risky; yet "tribal consciousness is, on the whole, incomparably stronger than human consciousness." Statesmen remain free to bring about "an orgy of violence," or to bring humanity gradually to peace.

In the last page of his book, Aron reminds us of our two duties: "to participate in the conflicts that constitute the web of history, and . . . to work for peace." They often clash. But it is important to remember that we should not shun either, and to be shown that they could be brought together, even if there is no assurance of final success. Max Weber – Aron's intellectual master and model – tended to think that it could not be done at all. For all his skepticism and prudence, Aron is the greater optimist. A preacher of patience and caution, he cannot fail to irritate all those who either think moderation too "dangerous" for the national interest, or deem his brand of wisdom too timid for a world threatened by nuclear proliferation. But the varieties of impatience are less than helpful. In the last analysis, Aron's great and difficult book teaches us an indispensable lesson: we should not assert more than we know, nor want more than we can possibly achieve.

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A Lament for Us All

by Honor Tracy

The Arrangement
by Elia Kazan
(Stein & Day; $6.95)

Some time ago an English critic declared war on a detrimental character he named Mr. Blurb. We all know the fellow and his little ways, quite one of the oddest of which is to make a book sound less interesting than it is. Now Mr. Blurb has been up to his tricks again. Mr. Kazan has written "a major American novel" – our hearts sink – "about the arrangements by which we live, in marriage, out of marriage," a novel moreover that "shakes the earth each one of us is standing on." Has Mr. Blurb, we wonder, read it? The setting may be American but the theme is universal. *The Arrangement*, to be understood both in the sense of agreement, compromise, and of set-up, covers a far wider field than marriage. The hero's predicament, old as civilization itself, leaves our all too solid earth unmoved but, thanks to the honesty and the power of the book, not our hearts.

Eddie Anderson, 43, is a brilliant executive in a firm whose mission is to fool as many people for as long as possible, fool them mainly into buying things they don't want or need and which may even do them harm ("Zephyr, the *clean* cigarette" – Eddie's brainwave, that was, and the boss all but hugged him). Like many professional dupers, he easily dupes himself: his work, he maintains, is essential to keep products moving fast enough for the economy to stay afloat. Besides, the son of a Greek immigrant with centuries of hardship behind him, he loves the money, rejoices in the big house with grounds and swimming pool, the motorcars, the deep freeze holding 36 cubic feet of food, the genuine Picassos and the cultured wife whom he can clothe and bejewel and send to Dr. Leibman at fifty dollars a go.

Even so, he has qualms. Long since he gave up his youthful hope of becoming a great writer but he clings to the illusion that he might have done it, that the talent is in him, frustrated but always there. Accordingly, he creates an *alter ego* for himself, Evan Arness, who justifies and consoles Eddie Anderson by writing what he terms the "justice pieces." Their real name is murder, the murder by pen and ink of whatever successful public man the editor, or the interest controlling him, wants out of the way. Arness works like a beaver collecting the material, ingratiates himself with the victim, gains his confidence, notes every damaging word, habit, idiosyncracy, checks and checks again, turns out a faultless job – and another pesky

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A handful of people like Mary Carnwath are trying to keep our promise to the Indians. But they won't make it without you.

The Hopi Indians' village of Shipaulovi in Arizona sits on land so poor, infertile and inhospitable that so far nobody has tried to take it away from them.

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Yet for the first time in generations, Mary Carnwath and people like her are stirring hope among the Hopis.

Mary Carnwath works and lives two thousand miles away, in Manhattan. Her own daughter is now grown-up, and through *Save the Children Federation* she is sponsoring one of the village girls, 8-year-old Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, three children, one grandmother and a sister-in-law) live tightly packed in a tiny rock and mud house. The father who knows ranch work but can't find any most of the year, isn't able to provide the family with even the bare necessities.

Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

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Grace will have a chance to continue schooling. The family has been able to make its home a little more livable. And with the money left over, together with funds from other sponsors, the village has been able to renovate a dilapidated building for use as a village center. The center now has two manual sewing machines that are the beginnings of a small income-producing business. It's only a small beginning. More money and more people like Mary Carnwath are needed. With your help, perhaps this village program will produce enough money to end the Hopi's need for help. That is what Save the Children is all about.

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Leading nominees for the 1967 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

On Wednesday, March 8th, the five winners of the 1967 National Book Awards will be announced in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1966 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

fiction

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS/The Embezzler/Houghton Mifflin
BERNARD MALAMUD/The Fixer/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
EDWIN O'CONNOR/All in the Family/Atlantic-Little, Brown
WALKER PERCY/The Last Gentleman/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
HARRY PETRAKIS/A Dream of Kings/David McKay
WILFRID SHEED/Office Politics/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
Judges: John Hutchens, Mark Schorer, Anthony West

poetry

JOHN ASHBERY/Rivers and Mountains/Holt, Rinehart & Winston
BARBARA HOWES/Looking Up at Leaves/Alfred A. Knopf
JAMES MERRILL/Nights and Days/Atheneum
MARIANNE MOORE/Tell Me, Tell Me/Viking Press
ADRIENNE RICH/Necessities of Life/W. W. Norton
WILLIAM JAY SMITH/The Tin Can and Other Poems/Delacorte Press—A Seymour Lawrence Book
Judges: W. H. Auden, James Dickey, Howard Nemerov

arts and letters

TRUMAN CAPOTE/In Cold Blood/Random House
JUSTIN KAPLAN/Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain/Simon and Schuster
OLIVER LARKIN/Daumier: A Man of His Time/McGraw-Hill
FREDERICK A. POTTLE/James Boswell: The Earlier Years/McGraw-Hill
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER/In My Father's Court/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
SUSAN SONTAG/Against Interpretation/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
LAWRENCE THOMPSON/Robert Frost: The Early Years/Holt, Rinehart & Winston
Judges: Saul Maloff, Lon Tinkle, Aileen Ward

history and biography

JAMES H. BILLINGTON/The Icon and the Axe: An Interpretive History of Russian Culture/Alfred A. Knopf
DAVID B. DAVIS/The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture/Cornell University Press
MARTIN DUBERMAN/James Russell Lowell/Houghton Mifflin
PETER GAY/The Enlightenment: An Interpretation/Alfred A. Knopf
BARRINGTON MOORE, JR./Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy/Beacon Press
PETER STANSKY and WILLIAM ABRAHAMS/Journey to the Frontier/Atlantic-Little, Brown
Judges: James MacGregor Burns, Leon Edel, C. Vann Woodward

science, philosophy and religion

HOWARD B. ADELMANN/Marcello Malpighi and the Evolution of Embryology/Cornell University Press
GEORGE and MURIEL BEADLE/The Language of Life/Doubleday
WASSILY W. LEONTIEF/Essays in Economics/Oxford University Press
OSCAR LEWIS/La Vida/Random House
PHILIP RIEFF/The Triumph of the Therapeutic: Uses of Faith After Freud/Harper & Row
ERWIN W. STRAUS/Phenomenological Psychology/Basic Books
Judges: Hannah Arendt, John Cogley, Gregory Vlastos

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

varmint has bitten the dust. About this he has no qualms whatever.

The polished will call him a schizoid, the plain, a fellow who wants to eat his cake and have it. Either way, his personal life follows a similar pattern. He wishes to stay married to Florence but will not give up his sweetheart, Gwen. There is no reason, he asserts, why a man can't or even shouldn't love, really love, two or three women at the same time. But he is duping himself again. With regard to Florence, as saintly a bitch as ever drew breath, he really means not that he loves her but that he has no valid reason to do otherwise. She is patient, loving, devoted, loyal and wholly intent, under Dr. Leibman's supervision, on helping him find happiness and peace through the acceptance of his limitations: "Now, dear, it is clear by now, isn't it, that you're not going to be Tolstoi. So you're not going to be Tolstoi, so what?" She likes the money, too.

Gwen is pure bitch without a drop of saint, a tramp, a virago, but she is young, pretty and glorious in bed. And where Florence thinks and talks entirely at secondhand, drawing chiefly on Dr. Leibman but also on books, plays, current opinion, the chatter of her circle, Gwen works everything out for herself. If a question is beyond her scope she keeps her mouth shut. And while she is often destructive, cynical, jeering impartially at the Top Executive and the Scourge of the Wicked, "she had no closed doors in her mind, no forbidden rooms. You could say anything to her, no matter how silly." She never shrugs him off or urges him to be "adult" and hopes long buried in him come welling up again.

As if to be a man with two women and two selves were not enough, he has another source of conflict – and this we may concede to Mr. Blurb as peculiarly American – in a third self, a likeable and genuine one, Evangelos Topouzoglou. The chapters dealing with him, his earthy crotchety old father Seraphim and his wise humble old mother Thomna, are the most beautiful and moving in the book. Here we find again that fascinating contrast between the Armenian and the American stories of William Saroyan: the very style changes completely, be-

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comes simple, flowing, poetic, and we enter another world, dignified, coherent, steady as a rock, where the services of Dr. Leibman are not required.

It is only to be expected that he should crack up, particularly after Florence has rumbled Gwen and is fighting with all the weapons in her redoubtable armory. To be fair to her, his conduct is certainly strange. Then he has an accident driving, a mysterious accident that ought never to have happened, as if some hand "reached out of the absolute blue" and jerked his wheel. The boss calls at the hospital, bids him go easy, take time, the job is waiting, eyeing him warily nonetheless, for the rumors are already flying round. "Don't worry, I'm not coming back," he says, sticks to it, and meets the Arrangement in all its force. There are murmurs about damage to his brain. Florence, sweet as honey, acting as ever in his own true interest, with everyone on her side, gets control of his affairs and himself put away in a mental home. This might well have been his future, but when there has to be one legal committal luck brings him before an uncommonly shrewd and tough old judge (superbly drawn) and after more ups and downs at last he is free to go his way. The end is inevitable, satisfying, utterly right: the last words of the hero are: "Is this what all that drama, that great overthrow was for – this simple living and working, this day to day confluence?"

It is impossible, in a short space, to give work so rich, complex and subtle, its due; but to say that here is one of the finest novels out for a long time is no tired old reviewer's cliché.

NON-COMMUNICATIONS

The Creative Artist Smiles

Northwestern University's recent Symposium on Communications provided an illustration of how grotesquely little the continents of the intellectual world have to say to one another. It displayed, too, the demonic indifference of the *artist* to the contusions of intellectuals at battle. The first night of the Symposium featured a panel composed of Professor Daniel Boorstin, the psychologist Richard Alpert (co-founder with Timothy Leary of LSD – the League of Spiritual Discovery), and Ronald Tavel, "Creative Artist" (the moderator's phrase) – poet, playwright, novelist, and scenarist for Andy Warhol films. The students, with innocent but instinctive genius, had brought onto one stage the academy, the acidheads, and the east Village artistic underground.

The topic was "Patterns of Perception," but as the editor of *The Daily Northwestern* observed, although both Boorstin and Alpert wore glasses they couldn't really see each other, and Tavel saw neither of them so he spoke to the audience instead. It was an uneasy trip from the start. Professor George Bauer, moderator, introduced Professor Boorstin. Boorstin rose to speak. Alpert whispered to Bauer; Bauer threw up his hands in chagrin. Apparently Alpert preferred to speak first. Boorstin sat down. Tavel smiled, perhaps satanically. Bauer announced nervously, "The Creative Artist smiles." Alpert then grinned, affably, addressed the podium and made his own announcement: "At dinner the Creative Artist called me a *pasty mystic*." This seemed to involve him somehow in a conspiracy with the Creative Artist, hopefully, one supposed, against the pasty academic. And so, Alpert said, in Mystic fashion he would begin with a Zen anecdote.

The audience laughed, and Alpert proceeded. A Zen master fell from a cliff but prevented disaster by clutching and hanging from a protruding root. Two mice, one black and one white, began gnawing the root. At that moment he had his satori. Alpert proceeded to an occidental exegesis, mercilessly translating the anecdote into analogy. The first principle of human well-being is that the anti-social impulses are the basis of healthy personality, *i.e.*, a free personality. Society is composed of "traps" designed to snare and therefore destroy personality. The answer to that is the Way of LSD. Buddha tells us that no man finds the Way until all men find the Way. Hence LSD – the League, the Acid. LSD is the Acid monastery, and Alpert and Leary are the Acid masters. Alpert called upon his personal experience for an Acid anecdote. He personally witnessed a Fillmore Auditorium (San Francisco) full of Trippers parading on review in an ecstatic chain. Their turned on faces were blissful with transcendence and fellow feeling and the laying on of hands. That, he said, is the kind of thing religion is supposed to do, but doesn't. The end, apparently, of the lysergic social gospel is to build a better opiate for the masses.

By that point Alpert dug his audience and decided to talk straight arrow, from the heart of his own experience. He was, he said, raised a good Boston Jewish boy, and so was led into all the social traps. His mother wanted him to go to school, and he did. His mother wanted him to become a "success," and he did. His mother didn't want him to be racially prejudiced, and he wasn't. When, however, he had become a success, a professor at Harvard University, an author, a lecturer, and all that (he was about 30), he discovered that his mother had deceived him. He didn't want to be a success; he wanted to be free. And he couldn't help it, secretly he knew Negroes were different than he was. He determined to be once and for all delivered from the horrors of Harvard and Mother. He came over to the Acid scene. His first trip was a revelation. He had the sen-

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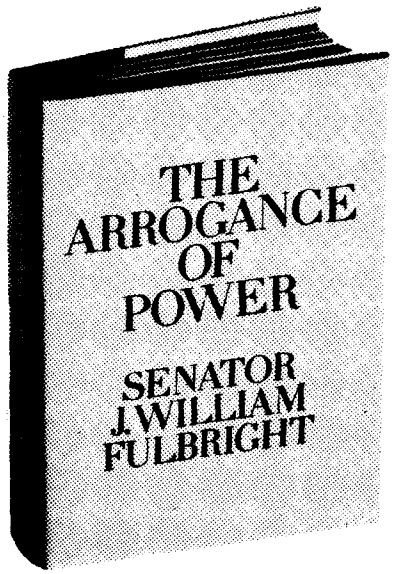

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sation of his body dissolving. He looked down and his leg was gone, and then his other leg, then his torso, and so on. Until he was able at last to see things spiritually. Beneath their skins, he discovered Negroes were people. Now he could truly love them. Bodilessness liberated him from his secret vices, not to mention his mother and his job. He made it with the universe; he and it were One. He was God, filled with beauty and light, absorbed in the glories of being. When he came down, he knew that was it, *being* was all. *Becoming* is a trap. It's all a lie. So fly, Baby, fly. Refuse to play the games. And that, he concluded winsomely, is what psychedelics are all about.

Boorstin, too, wanted to make rhetorical contact. He peered into the dim auditorium and said, "I like to see who I'm talking to." A literalistic stagehand turned up the house lights. The professor began by observing that he had already learned more from this symposium than one usually did. His manner suggested a man who was willing to tolerate much in the interests of science. His thesis was that the "filler principle" dominates our culture and regards man as a receptacle to be filled rather than a dynamic human being. He analogized from the standard newspaper filler to a cultural pattern. When *The New York Times* informs us, at the bottom of a column, that the coastal regions of Bolivia are humid, hot and tropical, although the central highlands offer some relief from the heat, it shows how format usurps human sensibility. The newspaper wants to say nothing about Bolivia and we want to read nothing, and both conditions are met in the filler. Thus we are filled with noninformation, and noninformation takes on an artificial importance. The pseudo fact is born. Likewise are the pseudo hero and the pseudo event created. We become dominated by these pseudo realities, and our humanity is obscured by an elaborate artificial construct. The audience received this judgment with dignity and calm. It was, at this point, wondering what the professor had to say to the high priest of psychedelics. The professor himself might have been wondering. But he pulled out a conclusion that appeared to connect the two. He wondered if perhaps psychedelics weren't a pseudo event. He wondered if LSD didn't fill men with nothing, with pseudo experience. He did not suggest that Alpert and Leary were therefore pseudo heroes. But for his part he found that, as he got older, he lost interest in himself and sought after facts, communicable facts.

Alpert, the professor manqué, and Boorstin, the professor incarnate, were entrenched in different worlds, but both were nevertheless products of the academy and they could, in the manner of the academy, maintain a pseudo dialogue. They were both sincere in their commitments and spoke with great earnestness, Alpert as the voice in the whirlwind, Boorstin as the voice of reason. It was clear, however, from the Creative Artist's manner that he didn't believe a word that Alpert said and didn't understand a word of what Boorstin said. And he was bored with both for their high seriousness. But he seemed to find Boorstin's world of facts, if not congenial, at least not hostile. And he allowed as how one had to deal with facts and that in most kinds of work one found them more or less useful.

But he knew Alpert's world very well, and he did not find in it that crescendo of truth Alpert had described. He must have known, he said, at least fifty people who had taken trips and, in one way or another, had never come back. As for expanding consciousness, he said, there have been opium eaters for hundreds of years, but only one "Kubla Khan"; drugs produce chemical reactions, poets produce poems. In any event, he said, there is nothing to finding beauty when you're high; everyone manages that. The trick is to work a moment of beauty out of our sullen reality. Also, Alpert's oriental trappings bothered him. Every time we have a wave of Zen hysteria across this country, he said, we're left a little more spiritually depleted. Mystics are always having completely private visions that justify whatever they want to do. Nobody else can understand or test them. If it's all a game anyway (Alpert had said it was) we might as well play to its logical conclusion – total meaninglessness. That was his own position. Why bother, he asked,

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to translate private lusts into religious revelation when lust and revelation, like everything else, are ridiculous (a step beyond the absurd) anyway. He found it more amusing and less harmful to spend his time producing some kind of real harmony and contact, as in the theatre. Here Alpert chuckled self-consciously and Boorstin turned his chair for a clearer look at the Creative Artist. It was, although well intended, an abortive effort. "What," Boostin asked, "do you mean by 'total meaninglessness'?" He meant, the Creative Artist said with a shrug, that everything was without meaning. The professor's expression said that he did not like or understand those metaphysics but he would defend to the death the Creative Artist's right to have them. Alpert looked as if he were in on a joke.

Tavel had begun by saying that he supposed he had been invited to the symposium because as scenarist for Andy Warhol films he might have something to say about communication. "Well," he said, "I don't." In fact, he said, Warhol had made an art of *not* communicating. So, apparently, had Boorstin and Alpert. The discussion settled into a face-off between the two of them, in which Alpert, with disarming Ivy League candor, accused Boorstin of being a trapped fat cat. The professor retained an admirable poise in the face of this *ad hominem* turn, and with scholarly humility wondered if Alpert's position wasn't at best simply escapism and at worst humanly alienating. In any event, it was certainly anti-social. "Exactly, man!" the psychedelic priest retorted in the hip dialect he used when he wanted to point up how square the professor was. "Who needs that bag?" Then Alpert launched into an impressively learned exposition of how infants are socially conditioned in even the prenatal stages and are trapped, and they should be free, and he somehow implied without actually saying it that we must suffer the little children to come unto LSD. We must free them before their mothers apply that fatal scrotal grip. Having demonstrated the need for LSD in three generations – the fetus, the child, and the man – and From Harvard Square to Haight/Ashbury, he rested. The professor

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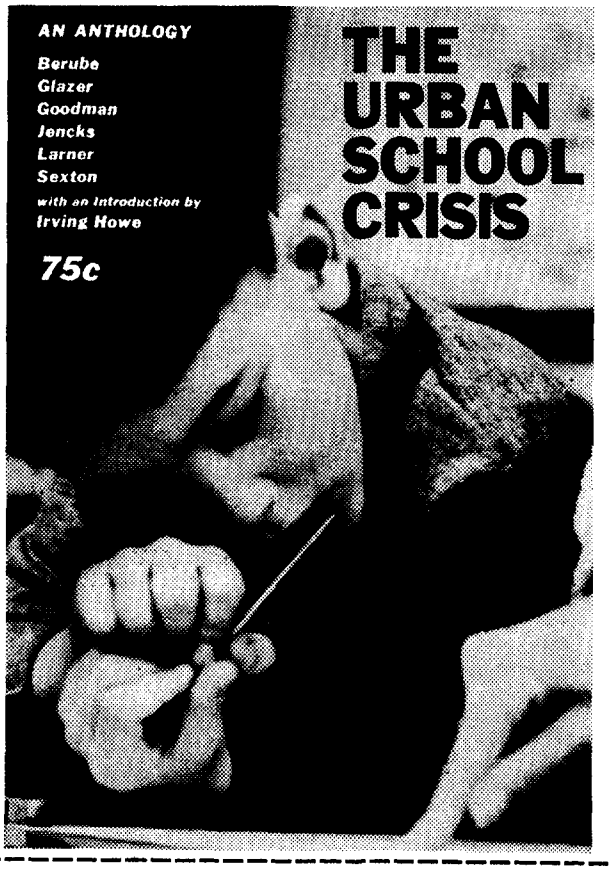

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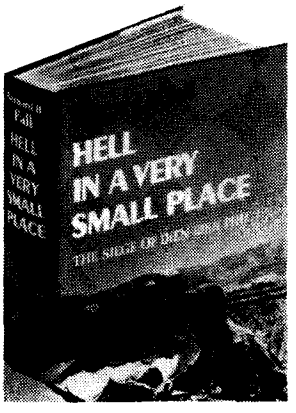

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meanwhile had grown more and more fascinated with the Creative Artist's language, he said he'd prefer not to comment so that he might listen to Mr. Tavel. The Creative Artist spoke a few metaphors for him, and the professor was pleased. Then one of the audience asked the Creative Artist about his own personal experience with drugs and art. "I beg your pardon," he replied archly, "this discussion is being taped is it not?" The audience laughed. The Creative Artist smiled.

PETER MICHELSON

Correspondence

Vietnam Legacy

Sirs:

David Schoenbrun (*Vietnam Legacy*, February 11) notes that Arthur Schlesinger attributes our current involvement in Vietnam to Eisenhower's political commitments in 1954. These commitments were made after the Geneva Conference. But the policies behind them were enunciated by Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles before and during the Conference. A specific goal of these policies, which still guide our course, was to impose upon the people of southern Vietnam, by military force if necessary, a government not of their own choosing.

In his *Full Circle*, Anthony Eden, then British Foreign Minister, tells us that at a crucial stage in the Geneva negotiations he and Churchill flew to Washington to dissuade Eisenhower from scuttling them by intervening militarily in the Indochinese war. Apparently as a *quid pro quo*, the British agreed to a joint definition of acceptable terms for a negotiated settlement. These terms included partition, no political arrangements which would permit communist power in the south, and no limitation on importation of arms or military advisers to the south. Since Eisenhower frankly says, in his *Mandate for Change*, that 80 percent of Vietnamese then supported Ho Chi Minh, the meaning of these terms is inescapable. Earlier Eisenhower, in a plea to Churchill for joint military intervention, had written that western strategic interests made "loss" of Indochina unacceptable "by whatever means" it occurred. He proposed an *ad hoc* Southeast Asian grouping to provide the international cover for this intervention.

As is known, the Geneva Conference did not accept the US-British terms. To use Eden's words, "a victor's terms could hardly be imposed upon an undefeated enemy." Vietnam was *not* partitioned. Regrouping zones were provided to permit a policed armistice by separating the intermingled military forces. This was to take 300 days, after which the two zones were to consult on all-Vietnam elections to take place July, 1956. Arms importation, additional military advisers and international pacts were prohibited.

Though Eisenhower pledged not to obstruct the Agreements, the US almost immediately – by deed and by word – substituted the terms it had demanded for the actual accords, and this is exactly what we are doing today. Schlesinger, as Schoenbrun indicates, has aided this process of distortion in his *Bitter Heritage*, as he did in his *A Thousand Days* where the results of the Geneva Conference are described simply as "having resulted in an agreement to divide Vietnam at the 17th parallel."

In *A Thousand Days*, Schlesinger wrote that Washington policy makers constantly ignored the "UN angle," finding it "alien and uncongenial." This attitude is pervasive in our Vietnam intervention. While citing at Geneva our UN Charter obligation not to interfere with the national sovereignty and *territorial integrity* of Vietnam, which Eisenhower then recognized as a single nation, his Administration disregarded both its pledge at Geneva and its UN Charter obligation

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Stanley Hoffmann *is Professor of Government at Harvard University and author of numerous books on international affairs.* Peter Michelson *is in the Department of English at Notre Dame University.* Honor Tracy's *latest book is* Men at Work.

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by immediately setting out to partition that land, and we are still fighting to achieve this today.

Max Gordon
New York, N.Y.

Reagan and Berkeley

Sirs:

While your report on the response of the Berkeley faculty to the firing of Clark Kerr accurately gauges the mood of the meeting ("What Reagan Hath Wrought," February 4), it creates the impression that the resolution drafted "by a prestigious committee" was rejected after Prof. Thomas Parkinson called it "academic oatmeal." In fact, that was the resolution which the faculty adopted "by an overwhelming vote," and all the phrases which you quote were contained in it. . . . Prof. Parkinson and two others *did* introduce a resolution, which was also adopted, and which received greater emphasis in the local newspapers: in it, the faculty "condemned utterly" the dismissal of President Kerr, and announced to the citizens of California that the majority of the Board of Regents had betrayed its public trust. And it declared that "no reputable educator would assume the presidency" of the University under the present conditions.

Thomas R. Arp
University of California
Berkeley

Who's Fit to Be Free?

Sirs:

I was dismayed by "Who's Fit to Be Free?" in the February 4 *New Republic*. By relating a single case history (with unusual bias), James Ridgeway attempts to comment on the present status of legal and psychiatric care of the criminally "insane." (The latter word is never used in medical psychiatry as a diagnostic label.) Due to a stereotyped view of the hospital psychiatrist as a prison warden unconcerned with his prisoner, and a naïve understanding of sociopathic behavior, Mr. Ridgeway fails to convey the complexity of the problem. . . .

Mr. Ridgeway seems dissatisfied when Dr. Economon describes the patient as "immature" and possessing little "insight" or "judgment," when these are the available psychiatric terms. . . . Someone must make such opinions, and who else, if not the state-appointed psychiatrist who has known the patient four years? The courts decide on hospitalization, not the doctor!

Finally, Mr. Ridgeway asks a few questions. "Is psychiatric treatment of much use when a patient resists it?" This must be answered in reference to the particular personality disorder. Sociopaths typically have no anxiety and resist therapy. . . . The other question of "might it not be a sign that a person is getting well when he rebels against the institution which seems to him totalitarian?" must also be applied to a specific diagnostic group. In the case of the neurotic, it often is a good sign, but in the case of the sociopath, it is just a confirmatory sign of mental illness.

Oliver A. Goldsmith, MD
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ralph Ellison on American Writing in the March issue of **Harper's** *magazine*

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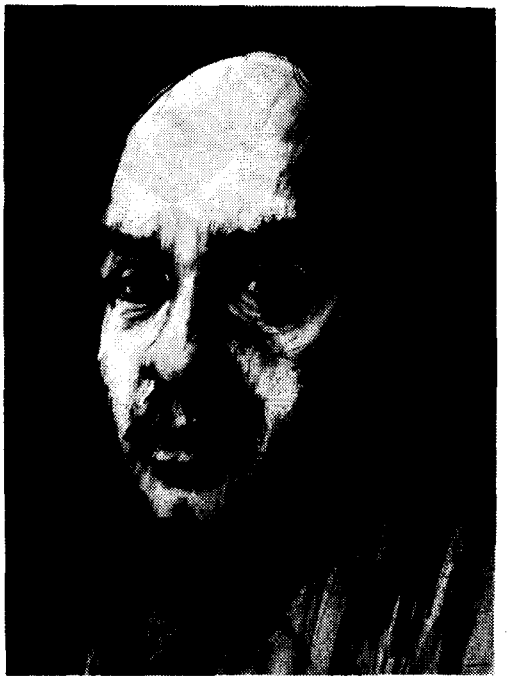

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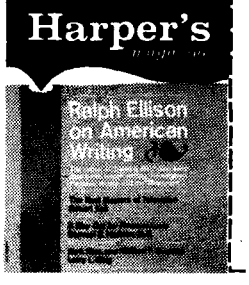

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This was our June cover. You should have seen October's.

By Jerome Agel

While reviewers are praising for the umpteenth time the diary of a Swiss private and the history of glass design, we're reporting what's happening, what's really **happening, baby. Like "The Boys of Boise," Idaho's homosexual scandals; For Hotch the Belle Tolls; The real message of "MacBird"; "Don't jump on the RFK bandwagon"; Pamela Tiffin's College of One; New Journalists Replacing Old Novelists; LSD and the turned-on grandmother; "Ho Chi Minh's Daughter"; Capote pays up his Tynan bet. Our name is BOOKS, the lively monthly for the very lively reader. Every issue is an unpredictable experience. Says Newsweek: "BOOKS has a talent for first-rate scoops." Broadway-London playwright: "Every issue is like a great night in the theater." Captain of industry: "Gives me ideas." Princeton prof: "BOOKS is fantastically imaginative, entertaining. Put me down for two more gift subscriptions." Manhattan** femme fatale: **"Reading BOOKS is like living with someone you love. You're beautiful." Our widely quoted, exclusive Cocktail Party column makes news: Jeane Dixon, the seer, told us: "Governor Wallace would make a good President." Marshall McLuhan said: "Art is anything you can get away with." News, seminal ideas, layouts available nowhere else. Plus plus plus. Scoop scoop scoop. There is something new under the fun sun: Us—BOOKS. See for yourself.**

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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

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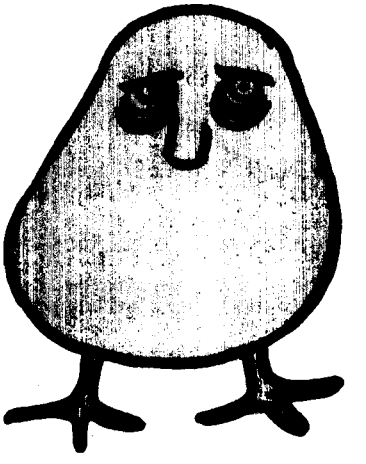

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